

AMERICA

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

FEBRUARY 21, 1942

WHO'S WHO

THIS WEEK

E. F. CARNAHAN is a pen-name for a member of a distinguished American family for the last few years resident in Rome. Returning to this country very recently, this keen observer, a former contributor to AMERICA, tells a story that is a tribute to the sanctity of our Holy Father and the patient goodness of the Italian people. . . . BERTRAND WEAVER, C.P., writes from St. Gabriel's Monastery, Brighton, Mass., where he is engaged in retreat work: "It was only after Father Alfred Cagney's death that we discovered that he it was who had first suggested the inauguration of the movement for the canonization of Cardinal Newman . . . his last striking demonstration of holiness will, I am sure, thrill your readers as it has inspired us." . . . PAUL L. BLAKELY takes issue with those who gloss over sin and list it under "amusement," nor can he agree with Army officials and others who desire to accomplish a good end through evil means. . . . REGINALD R. LEFEBVRE, of the Faculty of West Baden College, discusses the incompatibility of citizenship in the United States and membership in the Communist Party. A decision on the matter will soon be handed down by the Supreme Court. . . . RAYMOND A. GRADY has more worries than most men. His latest troubles will make you forget yours. . . . BENJAMIN L. MASSE appends some afterthoughts to his recent Closed Shop article, which created so much discussion in and out of labor circles. . . . COURTENAY SAVAGE, speaking with the experience that comes from some dozen published plays, from his position as Dramatic Critic on the Chicago *New World*, from commercial radio work after three years with the Columbia Broadcasting System, ought to carry weight in his evaluation of the Midwest Regional Meeting of the Catholic Theatre Conference.

COMMENT 534

ARTICLES

- A New and Unhappy Rome
Under Pall of Unwanted War...E. F. Carnahan 537
- A Footnote to the
Newman MovementBertrand Weaver 539
- The Desecration of the
Image of God.....Paul L. Blakely, S.J. 540
- Communists Pledge Allegiance to Flag
They Would Tear Down..Reginald R. Lefebvre 541
- Castling on the
Queen's Side.....Raymond A. Grady 543
- Labor Lesson from
Local Seventy-five.....Benjamin L. Masse 544

EDITORIALS 546

- Bundles for Congress . . . As Washington Said
. . . Scapegoats . . . Red Tape . . . Roses . . .
Prince of Fools.

LITERATURE

- Catholic Theatre Looks Ahead
Courtenay Savage 549

BOOKS REVIEWED BY 551

- The Emancipation of a Freethinker
Joseph Bluett
- Dragon's Teeth.....Charles A. Brady
- Christian Crisis.....John J. O'Connor

THEATRE Elizabeth Jordan 554

FILMS Thomas J. Fitzmorris 555

ART Barry Byrne 556

CORRESPONDENCE 557

EVENTS The Parader 560

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COMMENT

ASH WEDNESDAY'S recurring warning to man that he is dust finds the American people this year in no mood for exultation. While the Axis and Allied forces sway grimly to and fro in North Africa and Nazi resistance mounts along the Russian battle line, the clouds lower ever more darkly over the Pacific Ocean. Overriding heroic American, British, Dutch and Australian resistance, the Japanese press nearer to Rangoon, sweep over crushed Singapore, fasten their fangs on Celebes, Borneo and New Britain, and whip up increasing fury against the Philippines' last stand in Bataan. Despite the pleasant assurances of commentator Demaree Bess that there really is no such thing as an Axis, for practical purposes the Powers banded together against the United States function effectively as one; and the net result is too vast for any single human mind fully to estimate. For past negligence we are paying the terrific price of the loss—for at least a period of the war—of the Pacific. For how far past? Mistakes of the last fifty years, or twenty years, or five, or the past twelve months? The historians will speculate. Whatever their conclusions and consequent warning may be, the fact is that a deadly blow has been struck our prestige and power in the entire Pacific area. Fortunately, however, it can no longer be reasonably asserted that we are blindly "smug and complacent."

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NOT the past is our immediate concern, but the present. As the days of acute crisis move steadily nearer, we remain still an easy-going, pleasure-loving people, dependent upon expensive, highly organized entertainment, giving ear to social charlatans selling pagan family ethics, complacently trusting that someone, somehow will win the war for us and business will recur as usual, and our pet comforts and prejudices will in no manner be disturbed. Apt symbol of our disconcertment is the upturned hulk of the capsized *Normandie* at her pier in the Hudson River: final stage of one of the most costly and elaborate manifestations of travel luxury the world has ever known. Apt symbol of a society that has inverted its basic values, of home, of the human person, of man's final and imperative obligations. Depressing symbol, but not hopeless; for the *Normandie* will yet, through superhuman efforts and ingenuity, be swung back again upon her keel. More powerful than any hawsers or derricks is the grace of God; and it is this grace that we need to implore, through our prayers and penance, in Lent. Let it be a Lent of honest sorrow and profound shame, but not of despair. Half the battle is won when we frankly recognize our fault. A fervent, well spent, abundantly charitable Lent will be the Catholic's prime contribution to defense and ultimate victory.

PERU, like other Latin-American countries, is struggling with an economy badly dislocated by war. Before the outbreak of hostilities, this nation of 7,000,000 people exported its two largest crops, cotton and sugar, to Britain and Japan respectively. Now England is buying very little Peruvian cotton, and all trade with Japan has come to a stop. The suggestion has been made that the United States should buy some of the annual sugar production of 400,000 metric tons and thus enable this essential industry to survive the war. Since we are preparing to ration sugar because there is a shortage here, it would seem that such a deal would not only buttress hemispheric solidarity but would also be of immediate economic advantage to both parties. Yet, as far as we know now, Peruvian sugar is going to pile up in the warehouses of Lima and we are going to get along on twelve ounces a week *per capita*. Recently, an American businessman charged before a Federal Commission that what he called "vested interests" are working to prevent any importation of Peruvian sugar. This charge ought to be investigated. If for no other reason, our national self-interest should lead us to grant any reasonable concession to a friendly nation that can help us, and which, incidentally, has among its population some 25,000 Japanese. If only the selfishness of "vested interests" is obstructing a deal for the Peruvian sugar which we need, the Government should take prompt, and not too gentle, action. Here seems to be a chance to implement in a tangible way our expressions of good-will toward Latin America, a chance that must not be muffed. We can no longer afford the luxury of mistakes and missed opportunities.

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WHEN our imaginations dwell on the half-starved peoples of Greece and Poland, Spain, Belgium and other parts of the world, we find it difficult to become elated over the knowledge that the largest stocks of foodstuffs in all our history are safely stored away, or that farm production in 1942 will considerably surpass the lush totals of the 1935-1939 period. We feel a little less like Dives dining sumptuously before the hungry eyes of Lazarus when we reflect that eventually much of this food will go to our suffering fellows in all parts of the world. Meanwhile there is almost a crumb of comfort and relief in the news that we shall have to curtail our use of a few items, none of which is essential to a balanced diet. From now on, cinnamon, spices and nutmeg will become scarce, although pepper, which also comes from the Far Pacific area, is plentiful. In stock are 33,000 tons, enough to last for two years anyhow. We have on hand a six-months' supply of tea, and some maritime officials think that the source of supply can be

maintained. If not, we can easily turn to maté, a substitute very widely used throughout South America. Most Americans would be willing to drink maté, whatever that is, for the duration, and then some, even without sugar, if by so doing they would lighten the world's crushing burden of sorrow.

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WONDERING just what to do in order to turn the tide in his parish against the plague of birth control, a young priest happened upon a simple and practical idea. He invited a couple of dozen of the young married couples of the parish to meet with him one winter evening at the Rectory. There he suggested to them that they take up the study of the Christian family. Hesitant at first, after a few meetings they became inspired by enthusiasm. No great organization was needed; just an informal study group, that came together at frequent intervals, and mixed their study with agreeable conversation and some simple devotional exercises. The group, though of comparatively uneducated people, soon decided they would use solid books, rather than haphazard articles or pamphlets: standard works on the family, classics of Catholic religious and social teaching. They busied themselves with such matters as the family as the unit of society, the family and marriage, religion in the home, home recreation, the family as an economic unit, the family and the community, the family and the liturgy, family customs and traditions, etc. Net result was a tide so definitely "turned" against birth control and kindred practices that the Church's position on this matter was, as it were, self-evident. This is one way that can be followed by those who are casting around for types of Catholic Action.

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SOMETHING decidedly questionable appears to be concerned in a proceeding which twists into "charges" even of "Socialism" those features in the policy of the Federal Farm Security Administration which, to any unprejudiced observer, appear to be its principal commendation. Outlining on February 10 to the Joint Congressional Committee the "long-time tenure objectives" of the F.S.A., Donald Kirkpatrick, general counsel of the American Farm Bureau Federation—determined opponents of the F.S.A.—stated that the agency contemplated a system under which the "family-type farm unit" would be exempt from taxation, but a graduated scale of taxes would be imposed on large land holdings, the tax increasing progressively as the size of the holdings increased. These principles, however, are in close line with the long repeated and earnest recommendations of the National Catholic Rural Life Conference and of Catholic rural sociologists the world over. President Roosevelt is to be congratulated on his firm insistence that the F.S.A. is "extremely essential" to the whole food situation for the duration of the war; as well as Secretary Wickard for his equally firm insistence against the farm bloc that, in the matter of prices, farmers take a wider view than that afforded by clinging to 110 per cent parity.

THE WAR. Major General Walter C. Short and Rear Admiral Husband E. Kimmel, commanders at Pearl Harbor before the Japanese attack, applied for retirement. . . . In a collision with another United States naval vessel off Panama, the submarine S-26 was sunk with a loss of thirty-two men. . . . Plans for a two-million-man Army air force were announced. . . . The White House instructed Cabinet members and other Federal administrators to clear their speeches through the Office of Facts and Figures, headed by Archibald MacLeish. . . . The Selective Service headquarters ordered deferment for "actors, directors, writers, producers, camera men" and other movie-industry personnel who cannot be replaced. . . . Austrians, Austro-Hungarians and Koreans were exempted by Attorney General Biddle from restrictions placed on enemy aliens. Eighteen areas in Arizona were closed to Axis aliens. . . . President Roosevelt asked Congress to suspend Section 7 of the Neutrality Act which forbids "any person within the United States" to negotiate financial deals with belligerents. He also requested Congress to appropriate an additional \$22,888,900,900 for the Army, \$3,852,000,000, for the Government-owned merchant fleet, and \$5,430,000,000 for the lease-lend program. . . . Admiral William Standley was appointed Ambassador to Russia. . . . In appropriating \$100,000,000 for the Office of Civilian Defense, the House of Representatives prohibited expenditures for instructions by dancers, fan dancers, street or theatre shows, and refused to reimburse the Treasury Department for \$80,000 already paid out for a Donald Duck movie about taxes. . . . Heavy with water, poured in to fight a fire on its decks, the former French liner *Normandie*, now the United States auxiliary *Lafayette*, keeled over on its side at its Hudson River slip. The possibility of salvaging the 83,423-ton vessel was being studied. . . . United States Naval forces established a trans-Pacific supply terminus at Wellington, New Zealand, placing garrisons on islands along the route. . . . Mayor LaGuardia resigned as director of the Office of Civilian Defense. James M. Landis was raised to the post of director. . . . Set up in Washington was a British-United States Chief of Staffs group. . . . U-boats chalked up their fifteenth victim off the United States Atlantic coast, their fourteenth along the Canadian shore line. . . . Thirty-eight Japanese planes and sixteen ships, including an aircraft carrier, a cruiser, a destroyer, two submarines, were destroyed in the recent raid on the Marshall and Gilbert Islands, the Navy revealed. . . . The Japanese forces spread rapidly over Singapore Island, moved forward at other points in the 4,000-mile front extending from Burma to the islands north of Australia. . . . In the Philippines, General MacArthur repelled all Nipponese thrusts. Emilio Aguinaldo, from Manila, broadcast to MacArthur's troops, urged them to surrender. Cited for valor were two Catholic chaplains with the MacArthur army, Fathers John E. Duffy of Toledo, O., and Methias Zeraus, of Twin Oaks, Wis. . . . Vice Admiral Helfrich of the Netherlands Indies displaced Admiral Hart as Far East Allied naval commander.

YOUR money can do double duty "for God and country" by the simple plan of purchasing defense stamps and bonds and giving them to the Missions. In this way you will effectively aid in (1) the speedy and successful prosecution of the war and (2) the vast reconstruction program of the Missions in a day of peace. At this time when so much is said about security, it is well to remember that security by this means can be obtained for our country, our Missions, and for each individual himself.

LITERAL adoption of the proposed Federal sales tax would be a grievous burden, according to the Most Rev. Joseph F. Rummel, Archbishop of New Orleans, who spoke at a luncheon meeting of the members' council of the Association of Commerce in that city. "It would," said the Archbishop, "crush the hearts of millions of American citizens who are already bearing the burden of many indirect taxes, breed discontent and nurture the germs that disintegrate people." The Archbishop warned that a Federal sales tax on basic foods, on medicines and on the cheaper grades of clothing "would certainly be no contribution to the morale of the millions of our population whose present living conditions are just about one step removed from abject destitution."

WRITING in the New York *World-Telegram* of January 29, the Rev. William J. Smith, S.J., director of the Crown Heights Labor School in Brooklyn, N. Y., expressed his doubts as to the completely unbiased state of the columnist, Westbrook Pegler. Said Father Smith:

As a Catholic priest, engaged in a full-time job of running a Catholic Labor School and serving union workers, I think I can discern the moral evils of unionism as clearly as does Mr. Pegler. . . . The public is entitled to a complete picture of the relations between the workmen and their employers. Unionism is not something that stands alone. It must be studied in relation to Management. Industrial relations did not begin yesterday. They have a history behind them. Many of the problems and the issues that confront us today are the result of years and years of human struggle and human conflicts of interest.

Certainly, to draw a certain parallel, we as Catholics resent, and rightly resent, an author or journalist who would insist upon presenting only the failings to which Catholics, clergy or laity, are subject.

ACTIVELY interested in the cause of Labor has long been the Most Rev. William P. O'Connor who will be consecrated as the fifth Ordinary of the Diocese of Superior on March 7, in St. Thomas Aquinas Church of Milwaukee. Father O'Connor was the first chaplain of the Milwaukee ACTU, Association of Catholic Trades Unionists, which he organized and sponsored. Early in January he was asked to act as judge in a local labor controversy. In 1933, Father O'Connor was connected with the Mediation Board under the NLB as impartial chairman of the first panel of that Board. In 1938, he was elected President of the American Catholic Philosophical Society.

PRACTICAL is the suggestion given by Archbishop Glennon of St. Louis for those young couples who are anxiously debating the problem whether to be married before he goes to war or whether to wait and run the chance of his not coming back. The Archbishop observed that "some of the people who come back from war are disillusioned, and some of the brides who remain at home are disillusioned also." Instead of marriage, he advocated that those about to enter military service sign a betrothal contract and delay the marriage until after the war.

PRACTICAL working of the Credit Union plan as a means of keeping together a community of poor farmers and fishermen and providing security is shown by the work of the Martin de Porres Federal Credit Union which held its second annual meeting on Sunday, January 25 at the Cardinal Gibbons Institute, Ridge, St. Mary's County, Maryland. This Credit Union and the St. Francis Xavier Credit Union at Bushwood, Maryland, are the only two credit unions in Maryland operated by Negroes. The former reported as of December 31, 1941 that savings totaled \$470 and loans \$1,390. The membership totaled 129. In 1941 there was \$900 loaned with an interest charge of \$32. This amount paid all the expenses of the Credit Union, including supplies, supervisory fee, treasurer's salary and bond.

EVERY week or two somebody announces the interesting information that he or she or they are the originators of the V-for-Victory symbol. However, all of these are completely outdated by the claim made for fifteenth-century Spain through Ferdinand and Isabella. According to William J. Dahmarell, Chief Corporation Counsel of the State of Ohio, speaking at the Open Forum Winter Series in the Knickerbocker Hotel, Chicago, the Spanish monarchs conceived the symbol at the culmination of their campaign over the Moors in 1492. A memorial banner with this device was affixed to the walls of the cathedral church of the University of Salamanca with the motto "To Christ the King and Victor." The center was inscribed with a huge V for Victory as a symbol of the Spanish Christian triumph.

CONGRATULATIONS are due to the American Red Cross for refusing to accept funds from any entertainment that would degrade a human being no matter what the person might be. A barbecue scheduled for February 10 by the local workers of Oyster Bay, L. I., at which a Hitler, Mussolini and Hirohito, renamed Greed, Aggression and Treachery, were to be burned in effigy, was cancelled. Pro and con discussion as to the ethics of the party had taken place ever since the idea was first promoted, but, according to the *New York Times*, enthusiastic proponents of the "lynching party" had overruled conservatives to a point where all plans had been completed even to the release to newspapers of photographs of the images that were to be burned. Violence breeds violence.

A NEW AND UNHAPPY ROME UNDER PALL OF UNWANTED WAR

E. F. CARNAHAN

THE day Mussolini declared war on what he called "the pluto-democracies," the lights of Rome went out. The crowds called to Piazza Venezia to listen to "the Master's Voice," walked back afterwards in dead silence, in groups of twos and threes, their faces set as if they were returning from a funeral.

The blackout began that very night, and complete darkness descended on Rome and its narrow old streets and beautiful *piazze*; only the moon lit up its numberless cupolas and obelisks and shone on the great dome of St. Peter's brooding over the Holy City. It looked like a dream-city. Silence and shadows reigned. Even the lights in front of the Madonnas on the wayside shrines, that had burnt unceasingly for centuries, were blotted out for the first time. It was taken as an ill omen. The streets were patrolled and every crack of light was severely fined; the guard would shout out warningly: "*Luce! Luce!*" The tale was told that one night when a warning was hurled at a lighted window, imprecations were showered back on the patrolman, to which he protested meekly: "I am not saying *Duce* . . . I am saying *luce!*"

The French planes came over Rome those first nights of the war, but they only dropped *billets doux*, which were eagerly collected next morning, and even more diligently sought after by the police on roof tops and terraces. One read thus: "You have wanted war, here it is. . . . Throw over Mussolini and we will be friends!" Although no bombs were thrown, a number of Romans were killed by the shooting of anti-aircraft guns, and it was jestingly whispered around Rome that "the Italo-Italian war" had begun! Those were still the gay days of the war, when everyone said it would be over in three months: France was rotten, England did not want to fight, "she was an old lion with no teeth and, anyway, the English know only how to make tea!" The United States was too far away to care and wallowing in her riches; the world was theirs for the taking.

Now after eighteen months of war, there is a poignant sadness over Rome. The international, Catholic Rome has melted out of sight. The English, Canadian, Scotch and French Colleges closed overnight; our American College, too, the doors of which had never been shut since its foundation in 1860. How often it is said around Via dell'Umiltà, Castel Gandolfo and Villa S. Caterina: "Ah, the *Americani*, our generous *Americani* . . . they are not here any more!" One by one, all the different

ecclesiastics and Religious belonging to the Anglo-Saxon world left, as enemy subjects in enemy territory. Very many lay foreign Catholics, who had chosen to live in Rome, as their home by right, thinking that it was above politics, suddenly realized to their grief that it is now, before all else, the second capital of the Axis. One by one they also disappeared from its churches and streets.

The streets are strangely quiet; there is so little traffic. Automobiles have been suspended for lack of gas, although some still crawl around with little charcoal furnaces on their backs. They get stalled on the hills and the patient driver has to get out and climb on top of the little stove to stoke it. The cab horses cannot make the hills either. Their legs are thin and weak, they have no more oats and, as an old cabman explained: "They eat what we have, potatoes and vegetables. . . ." Only the Germans still tour about town at top speed in high-powered cars. Food and coal is very scarce and there is great suffering among the poor. For six weeks this summer there were no potatoes, no eggs to be found. Now they are rationed: one egg a week (it is sometimes bad), one small potato a day.

When eggs were still to be bought at 1 *lira* 80 apiece, a poor, embittered woman of the Trastevere, who could ill afford that price, walked resolutely into a shop to buy one. When she had secured it, she looked up at the photo of the Duce, which hangs in every shop in Italy; she aimed well, then hurled the egg at him, saying: "Eat it while we die of hunger!" In a quarter of a second a detective was on the spot seeking the culprit. No one betrayed her.

Meat has been rationed for the last year at 80 grams per person, sold on Saturdays only. Every scrap of suet has been scraped off beforehand by Government hands for the War machine. Macaroni, so dear to Italians, is rationed at two kilograms per person a month, but it is dark and sour and disintegrates in the water when it is cooking. There is not enough olive oil to make the parmesan and tomato sauce, without which no *pasta asciutta* is complete. Another story was whispered in fun around Rome about a market woman, who was overheard complaining about the lack of oil, butter and grease of any kind, and was carried off to jail; after forty-eight hours' detention she was told she would be released on one condition: that she go back to the spot where she was arrested and publicly contradict her complaint with these words:

"*Evviva il Duce!* of butter we have always had enough." She agreed; but when brought to the spot, she got flustered, intentionally or not; her wits ran away with her and she cried out tearfully: "*Evviva the butter! of the Duce we have had enough. . . !*"

All of Italy's golden oil is sent to Germany and she imports third-rate Spanish oil, brown and muddy, for her own people. "We are Germany's little dog," it is said in Rome. "She drags us around on a rope and does not even give us enough to eat." Whenever the two dictators meet for a war council, the secret comment on it is: "*Consiglio di volpi, strage di galline!*" (Council of foxes, slaughter of chickens!) The Italians think of themselves as the chickens.

Olive oil is the principal merchandise on the black market; a flask costs anywhere from 100 to 500 *lire*, the buyer and seller both risking a prison term of two to four years. It is severely forbidden to move olive oil from one place to another and the police are ever on the watch at the stations and in buses and trains, to detect whether a heavy-looking suitcase contains oil. In a small town of the Abruzzi, as the peasants were going back to Rome after Christmas, each striving to take a little extra food to their families, a lone valise was spotted by a detective on the station platform. To his query the crowd was silent and no owner was forthcoming; so he proceeded to open it himself: it was full of bottles. Its silent owner lost his oil but did not go to jail.

But worst of all there is no soap. Only a tiny piece two inches square is sold on each ration card per month, so hard one can scarcely believe it is soap. It looks like a piece of stone out of the Catacombs and is excellent for cleaning knives, as it contains much sand and potash, but it is not so good for the complexion. When all soap disappeared, the women of the Trastevere, where Mussolini has never been popular, threatened to leave all their soiled linen under the famous "Romeo and Juliet Balcony" at Piazza Venezia: "You have the soap," they planned to say, "wash them!" but the ringleaders were jailed and the demonstration never came off.

Ever since the Abyssinian war, the bread has been steadily getting blacker and heavier; what is put into it is a dark secret and must not be investigated. One morning a drab little loaf was found tucked under the arm of the bronze statue of Julius Caesar on Via del Impero, with a wicked rhyme pinned on to it: *Tu che hai lo stomaco di ferro, Mangiati il pane del Impero!* (Thou who hast a cast-iron stomach, Eat thou the bread of the Empire!)

One meets Germans in every street and bus, generally in civilian attire. Many of the big hotels, boarding-houses and all the vacant furnished apartments are taken over by Germans and their families, who come down to sunny Italy to escape the bombardments and the cold. One morning a message was found at the foot of Giuseppe Garibaldi's equestrian statue on the *Gianicolo Hill*: *Scendi Peppino! son tornati.* (Dismount, Joe, they're back.) "They" refers to the Germans the

Italian patriot was so ferocious about expelling from the Peninsula.

There are detectives everywhere; one must always remember that! The telephone is censored, and your conversation may be recorded on a disk, so the instrument is avoided as much as possible. No names are ever mentioned on the phone or in letters; if a message is to be sent, the note is given to a trusted messenger and not put in the mail. The real news is carried by way of mouth, since nobody believes the newspapers or the radio. An old Italian woman of ninety-six years, who could neither read nor write, thus voiced the opinion of her world: "Victories! Victories; and no peace. . . ! It is all lies!" She had seen five wars and she said this was the worst.

The once fat porter of our fifteenth-century palazzo roamed about the *cortile* moaning: "We make too many wars! *Facciamo troppe guerre!* Africa, Spain, France, Greece, now Russia. . . . Nobody knows what they are fighting for. Those who do not go to fight will die at home of hunger." He had already lost forty-five pounds.

In the market, when there is a sudden lack of vegetables and fruit, it is whispered: "Naples has been bombed by the English, the trains are all tied up." The authorities want the bombardments to be a dead secret and anyone overheard speaking about them, even to his own brother, is taken to jail. The true facts of the war are not for the public; that is why it is said by so many Italians to be "the war of the Fascist Party, not Italy's war." When the R.A.F. flies over terrified Naples, the Neapolitans shake their fists at the planes and shout: "Don't come here, the . . . (a word not mentioned in polite society, meaning the Duce) is in Rome!"

The Government has forbidden public prayers for peace in the churches, one must only pray for victory; so the result is there are no public prayers at all . . . only many anguished private ones. Mothers and sisters and sweethearts go fasting and barefoot to the shrine of the *Madonna del Divin' Amore*, twelve miles out in the Roman Campagna, to pray for the safety of their loved ones, to put their little battered photographs at the feet of this loving Mother, *che non dice mai no!* (who never says No!) Out in the peaceful Campagna, the sheep are feeding and the lambs are bleating and one wonders why there is no more lamb on the Roman market. The Germans take it all.

The one bright, comforting spot in the Eternal City is the house of the Vicar of Christ and Father of all, the beloved *Santo Padre*. As it was once said in a Vatican broadcast to America during the first weeks of the war, Rome has always been through the Christian centuries "an open city, defenseless because its arms are spiritual, a City on a hill open to all." Pope Pius XII has made this true today: he has opened wide the doors of the Vatican to all of his children who still have access to him.

On Wednesday and Sunday, and sometimes on a third day as well, thousands flock through the bronze doors in their working clothes. They line up around the various huge halls, and from nine to one o'clock, the white *Pastor Angelicus* makes his

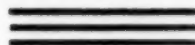
rounds and stops and bends down to each one to hear what they have to say. Like a loving Father, he looks into the eyes and souls of his children. He wants to help, console, advise and bless each one who comes to him. He is so sweet and gentle and tender that no one is ever afraid of him or shy. A Monsignor follows closely with a large book and pencil, to take the name and address and petition of anyone who asks something; and help is always forthcoming when it is possible. At one of these audiences, a little girl of three escaped from her mother's side and ran up to the Holy Father and, putting her little hand in his, she said: "I love thee because thou art another Jesus." Pius XII put his hand on her little head and with gentle humility answered: "*Lo dovrei essere!*" (I ought to be so!)

A special hall is reserved for the military, who flock in hundreds to each audience. Italians and Germans are separated. At first they were all together, but ructions occurred between them when some of the Nazis refused to kneel down and the Italians tried to force them. The Germans are now received alone. They all go, if only out of curiosity; some give the Nazi salute and present themselves: "I am Colonel so and so, I am Major, Captain, etc.," and shake hands with the Pope. He lets them do it, because he is the Father of all "who makes no exceptions." This *alter Christus*, meek and humble of heart, like the Divine Master, does not want to add an iota to the ocean of hate already rising in the world at war. He said sadly when war began: "It is another deluge; it ought never to have started." The Romans call the Holy Father their best anti-air defense, the lightning-rod of Rome against the dreaded bombardments. Centuries ago Saint John Chrysostom foresaw this very thing in a mental vision in which he beheld Our Lord speaking thus to the Blessed Apostles Peter and Paul: "When, in the course of time, in My wrath I will shake the whole globe of the earth . . . and the priests and kings will weep, I will remember my own words: *I will protect this City for the love of David, My Servant, and of Aaron, My Holy One.*" The prayer recalling this promise has hung for more than a century in little wooden frames around the Confession of Saint Peter. It was not much noticed or read in normal times, because it is in Latin, but now it has come to light again, has been translated and is recited with trust by many.

Rome, because it is the Holy City, is left untouched, as if there were no air war on in Europe, a singular tribute of Protestant England to Catholic Rome which cannot but bring a blessing to that once Catholic land, Mary's Dowry. An old Roman woman, daughter of a Captain in the Pontifical Army of Pope Pius IX, had her own idea about the invulnerability of Rome: "Oh, the *Ingresi*," she said, "they do not bomb Rome because they are afraid! afraid of the Apostles. . . ." Every night before retiring, after a long, sorrowful day's work, the Holy Father goes to a window which overlooks Piazza San Pietro and gives a last Blessing to the *Urbe* of his birth and the vast *Orbe* beyond, the Blessing of the Vicar of Christ, and Father of all, who thinks constantly of all of his children.

A FOOTNOTE TO THE NEWMAN MOVEMENT

BERTRAND WEAVER, C.P.



IN an age of world-besriding Caesars, it is like inhaling a breath of fresh air to come upon men of heroic stature at the opposite spiritual pole. It took death this past December to reveal the spiritual proportions of Father Alfred Cagney, for forty years a leader among the Passionists. (He was a majestic figure physically, also, with his more than six feet crowned with white hair, erect and commanding as a general, distinguished as the priest that he was.)

His life was climaxed by an act of humility that will be a perpetual inspiration. Four months before he died, he was responsible for the inauguration in AMERICA of the movement for the canonization of Cardinal Newman which has swept the country and captivated Catholics everywhere.

Having recommended the launching of such a movement to the Editors of this Journal, he received a reply requesting him to sound the first salvo through an open letter to be published in AMERICA. He answered that he was "a nobody" and proposed that the letter be written by Father Charles J. Callan, O.P., scholar, editor and, like himself, a close student of Newman.

Father Alfred Cagney had held all the highest offices, except that of General, with which his order could honor him. He had been Provincial Consultor, Provincial, consultor to the General, emissary of the General to monasteries in England, Ireland, Australia, South America and the United States. He had been an eloquent preacher and a trenchant writer. He had been procurator of the Passionist missionaries working in Hunan, China. He had been appointed to the National Committee for the Revision of the Catechism. And he described himself as "a nobody."

But this was not all. Although Father Callan had referred to him as "the prime mover in this whole affair" of Newman's proposed canonization, and in spite of the momentum that the movement had gained during the six weeks preceding his death, not even his Superiors knew that it was he who had set the movement in motion. He had shown exultation at the favorable reception given his idea, he had remarked that he had prayed for this cause at the altar during many years, but he never gave the slightest intimation that he had had a part in the affair. Death and the discovery of his correspondence were required to reveal his self-effacement at a time when he could have caught the attention of the country.

If the movement for the canonization of Cardinal Newman fructifies in that desired event, we may well believe that it did so because its roots were in such rich soil as the heroic virtue of this man.

THE DESECRATION OF THE IMAGE OF GOD

PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

IT is not pleasant to return to the topic of venereal disease in the Army, discussed at some length in these pages last year. The protests sent at the time to the War Department meant nothing to the military authorities, nor did the interview which, at the request of the Department, I had with one of its representatives. The Government held fast to a plan not only immoral in itself, but calculated to suggest to the recruit that sexual promiscuity was expected and condoned.

I return to the subject because, as a result of meetings of social-hygiene societies in New York and other cities, new attacks on the Christian view of this plan have been publicized in newspapers throughout the country. The common assumption in these reports is that our young men, all but inevitably, will approve the program attributed to a well-known retired army officer (but disavowed by him in letters to myself and others) that "a he-man in the army wants liquor and women, and we're not going to let the blue-noses keep him from getting both." In other words, promiscuity, free or commercialized, is a physical necessity. It seems to me that the War Department has turned the clock back to endorse that discredited theory.

This practical endorsement has, of course, furnished the smart paragraphers of the press with many targets for their wit. The editor of the New York *Daily News*, in an effusion (February 5) which calls for comment only because that tabloid daily has the largest circulation in the world, is an example in point. He sneers at "the oldtime puritanical ideas on this subject," and marvels that "the only remedy these thinkers have to offer is that the boys simply refrain from contact with the venereal disease sources." But could there be a better means of reducing the venereal disease rate?

As to the ideas that are "puritanical," our editor leaves us in no doubt. The fighting-man, he writes, "has a strong urge to take his fun where he finds it," because he does not know how long he is going to live to have any more "fun." One need not be a puritan to object to the description of sexual promiscuity as "fun," or to protest the underlying assumption that it would be unreasonable to show displeasure should the fighting-man "take his fun where he finds it"; in our homes, for instance. "Women of easy virtue," he proceeds, "have an age-old camp-following instinct," and we are left to infer this is a time-hallowed custom with which only the "puritanical" would interfere. There are many age-old customs, as our reactionary editor does not seem to know, against which man must fight always, as the necessary condition of individual and social progress.

All that this editor, with his early Victorian toleration, will concede, is found in his "We do not think that it is desirable to encourage promiscuity in the armed forces," and that, surely, is a masterpiece of understatement. But in view of his low estimate of human nature, as displayed in the armed forces, just what does he consider his proposed penal enactment to compel the men to use these "prophylactic devices" to be? A deterrent?

Not a few of the articles in which the Army regulation is defended, lead to very unpleasant conclusions. One is that munition-plant workers, as necessary for defense as soldiers, be put under the same regulation, and this has actually been suggested by a high-ranking naval officer. But if the sex-urge is as strong as these writers assert, and if the danger of infection is so great, then it would seem to be the Government's duty to provide the camps and the munition-workers with victims, all medically certified. Since, as Dr. Thomas Parran once said, this certification is good only for fifteen minutes, if that long, an endless supply would be necessary; but the plan would certainly reduce the incidence of disease. An Army officer, to whom I outlined this plan, was horrified, and protested that it would be immoral. So it would; but neither is it moral to supply young men with prophylactics, leaving them with the impression, if not with the direct assurance, that they can now have, with safety, what the *Daily News* calls their "fun."

The *Daily News* and other critics forget a very pertinent fact, and if we all forget it, this world will soon become fouler than a hog-wallow. Every act of this kind means that *some woman is desecrated, or that some unfortunate is trodden deeper into the mire*. On that thought a few of the women speakers at these hygiene conferences might well ponder. Our Lord Jesus Christ once spoke up for a sinful woman against a Pharisaic mob, but then bade her go and sin no more. From the new gospel of corruption, His admonition must be omitted. For this "sin" is simply a form of amusement.

Some men still think it worthwhile to try to hitch their wagon to a star. They fail, and fail, but keep on trying. For ages, women have been man's victims, but can even the infinite mercy of an offended God find clemency for those who, when there is question of the further degradation of some pitiful object of man's lust, rest content with prescribing prophylactics? In God's dear Name, let us at least *try* to blast the satanic persuasion that these horrors must always be. And the real horror is not that physical disease may come, but that women are shamed, and in them the image of God is desecrated.

There is no reason to suppose, however, that the military authorities will abandon their policy of prophylactics plus toleration. But we can demand two things from the Government. First, provide every camp with adequate, not make-shift, facilities for healthful recreation, and next, put all suspected districts and premises out of bounds, and police them vigilantly. That may lessen the incidence of the desecration of women as well as of disease.

COMMUNISTS PLEDGE ALLEGIANCE TO FLAG THEY WOULD TEAR DOWN

REGINALD R. LEFEBVRE

IS active membership in the Communist Party sufficient grounds to deny a petition for citizenship in the United States? The question is not merely academic, for it has already been answered in the affirmative by the Ninth Federal Circuit Court. The case has been appealed and is now before the Supreme Court for final decision. The question is an embarrassing one under present circumstances, since we and the Soviet Union have the same immediate objective, the defeat of Hitler. The Communist Party of America, its satellite organizations and the labor elements they control are wholeheartedly advancing our program of preparedness. May we, at this time, take an action which seems to show a lack of trust in those who are fighting with us to destroy our common enemy?

We need not be over-delicate. Mr. Churchill is surely no less interested in Hitler's defeat than we. Yet he did not hesitate to stigmatize the criticism of Mr. Gallacher, the Communist M. P., as being inspired by a "foreign power," and for that reason negligible and to be spurned. Our first concern, too, is the welfare of our own country. If it can be shown that membership in the Communist Party is incompatible with allegiance to the United States Government, we do ourselves a lasting injury not to declare it.

We must distinguish between the immediate and the ultimate aim of Communism. The immediate aim is the defeat of Hitler; the ultimate aim is world domination. We are doing all in our power to promote the former aim, but we owe it to ourselves, to our country and to our God to thwart the Communist design of world domination. This limitation of our cooperation with Communism is not likely to provoke the Party to sabotage our war effort, for to do that would be to aid Hitler and so contribute to their own defeat. The Comintern is realistic and realizes that a victorious Hitler means a vanquished Stalin. Failure to attain their immediate aim, Hitler's defeat, will indefinitely postpone their ultimate aim, world domination. Thus, even under present circumstances we are free to consult our own long-range interests in deciding the advisability of admitting Communists to citizenship.

The precise point at issue in the case now appealed to the Supreme Court is this: does a Communist applicant for citizenship swear falsely when he takes an oath to support and defend the Constitution? Once that has been finally answered in the affirmative, the way will stand open to deduce from

this decision two other conclusions which are implicit in it. First, native-born Americans who are Communists hold doctrines which are incompatible with good citizenship. They are bad citizens of these United States in the precise proportion of their allegiance to the principles of the Communist Party. Second, the Communist Party, as the advocate and inspirer of these doctrines, can have no justifiable claim to legal standing in these United States.

It is true that the Constitution guarantees freedom of speech, and of the press; that it recognizes the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the Government for redress of grievances. A person, or a group of persons, may become dissatisfied with the Constitution and advocate its change or its abolition and they do not, merely for that reason, cease to be good citizens. However, when such a group seeks to accomplish this change by resort to force and violence and not by the means explicitly provided in the Constitution, then they have put themselves in unlawful opposition to the Constitution. An oath to support and defend the Constitution is incompatible with such action.

The freedom of speech and of the press guaranteed by our fundamental law is affirmed to further the purpose for which this document was written. The Constitution, its framers tell us, is an instrument designed to "form a more perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity." Those who, of set purpose and in an unconstitutional way, undertake to frustrate the attainment of this goal are enemies of its very spirit. Their oath to support and defend the Constitution is meaningless, if it is not an outright act of perjury. Such people, and we are inclined to agree with the Ninth Federal Circuit Court that Communists are such, should not be admitted to citizenship. If they are already citizens they may not, in logic, claim the privileges of the Constitution, while engaged in its destruction.

Here are some passages from the Constitution which, in our opinion, can be directed against Communism: "The Congress shall have the power to suppress insurrections." "The United States shall guarantee to every State in this Union a republican form of government, and shall protect each of them against invasion; and (on application of the legislature, or of the executive when the legislature can-

not be convened) against domestic violence." "No person . . . shall be deprived of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law; nor shall private property be taken for public use without just compensation."

We say that the Communist Party plans an insurrection, plots domestic violence, intends to deprive of life, liberty and property without due process of law. It remains to prove the charges. We shall try to substantiate only this, that the Communist Party—and consequently individual Communists who adhere to the Party—are advocates of violence. This is the central point and includes the others; for organized violence will grow into an insurrection; it deprives its opponents of life, liberty and property, and there is no question of doing this according to the due processes of law.

The employment of violence is a recognized tactic of Communism. Their orthodox literature, and the popularization of this literature in the form of slogans for the masses repeat the idea, explicitly and implicitly. There is constant talk about the "coming of the revolution" and though it could conceivably be brought about by the ballot box, it is not this means which Communism envisages; it is to be a bloody revolution. The promotion of "class-consciousness," the fostering of hatred between the bourgeoisie and the proletariat, the sharpening of the "class-struggle," all have as their culmination only one thing and that thing is violence.

A condition of general discontent, of poor laboring conditions, of social inequalities is ideal soil for Communist propaganda. Strikes can be nurtured there. The Communist impresses the down-trodden by the apparent sincerity of his desire to alleviate their misery, but the alleviation must be brought about in his way, and that way is not peaceful, is not American. A strike is a war in miniature, and in the Communist mind a strike is always a success if it teaches the worker how to fight, if it is a means of "arousing the masses." If hatreds have been brought to a high enough pitch by means of a strike, there is place for that other Communist tactic, "arming the workers" and finally of "fighting at the barricades." The police (always "cops") are considered beyond redemption. This is significant, for the police are the arm of the law. The law, together with those who stand for its enforcement, must be "liquidated." A battle cry which is in the heart if not on the lips of a devoted Communist is "all power to the Soviets." That is the goal toward which the revolution leads and in which it must culminate.

We may pause to ask if this could not be the equivalent of "all power to the Democrats," or "all power to the Republicans." These certainly would not be considered revolutionary, sanguinary or un-American slogans. There is no parallel, for Communism is of its essence international—"Workers of the world, unite." Once the revolution has been brought to a successful conclusion and the Soviets have come into power, who will have control over the local units? None other than the "foreign power" to whose intervention in British affairs Mr. Churchill so strenuously and so rightly objected.

Should we wish evidence on the point, the Hungary of Bela Kun, Loyalist Spain, Latvia and Esthonia, all bear bloody witness to the fact that the local Soviets are under the thumb of Moscow.

In cases where the "revolution" has been abortive, a wave of patriotic resentment often sweeps over the people concerned. The Party promptly goes "underground" and continues its work for the destruction of the local government with the consequent "all power to the Soviets." When outlawed, the Party does not abandon the struggle. It works legally, if possible; illegally, if it must. Where it has legal standing, it makes righteous protestations of abiding by the law of the land. When driven underground, its true character is unmasked; it continues to use any and every means for the overthrow of the individual governments with the intention of bringing them under the totalitarian domination of Moscow. We rightly resented Hitler's suspected plan to be the lord of the world. Our condition would be little if any better in a Stalin-dominated universe. We prefer to work out our domestic tranquillity in our own American way, rather than to lap up the crumbs of Bolshevik blessings dropped by the dictator Stalin, however benign toward us he might be.

Protestations of lawful intentions made by Communists before our courts are not to be taken at their face value. Communists follow the spirit of Lenin and are true utilitarians: whatever helps the Party is necessarily true. Private conversation with Party members when they are off their guard and not speaking for publication will often reveal their true sentiments. I attended a debate held in the St. Louis Labor College on the subject: "Is Fascism inevitable in the United States?" After the debate was over, we gathered in groups for further discussion. I asked the ablest of the debaters: "Why does the Party not attempt to better conditions by legal means?" I was answered with definiteness, "It is not possible."

On another occasion I said this to the leader of the St. Louis Communists: "Everybody knows that the Party favors violence; it is frequently admitted in the orthodox Communist literature." He gave me this answer: "The Party is not in favor of individual violence, for that is anarchy. It does favor mass violence."

Orthodox Communism today follows the Marx-Engels-Lenin-Stalin line of thought. The frequency with which violence is advocated in the writings of this school makes their position very clear. The few citations we give could be multiplied. Lenin, whose words are gospel, has this to say in his *State and Revolution*: "Democracy first rallies the proletariat as a revolutionary class against capitalism, and gives it an opportunity to crush, to smash to bits, to wipe off the face of the earth the bourgeois state machinery." Such "crushing and smashing" would seem to indicate a degree of violence. If we still suspect the contrary, he tells us in the same work, "the bourgeois state can only be put an end to by revolution." In the three-cent pamphlet, *Lenin on Engels*, the following words of Engels are cited with evident approval: "I define the objects

of the Communists in this way: 1. to achieve the interests of the proletariat in opposition to those of the bourgeoisie; 2. to do this through the abolition of private property and its replacement by community of goods; 3. to recognize no means of carrying out these objects other than a democratic revolution by force."

There we have the facts. Against this background, verbal protestations before our courts of peaceful intentions and of determination to use constitutional means can hardly gain credence. The individual Communist, whether he realizes it or not, is committed to the Marx-Engels-Lenin-Stalin line; he is an advocate of violence.

CASTLING ON THE QUEEN'S SIDE

RAYMOND A. GRADY

GRANDMA used to say: "Children make a big difference in the house, I can tell you." And I thought, in my priceless ignorance, that she meant in the way of additional work and care, or perhaps additional cost. And I smiled to think Grandma could believe those things would make any difference to us. But I have learned that Grandma knew whereof she spoke; that I merely misunderstood her meaning, a meaning which has been trying to penetrate my intelligence for some time now, but which I understood not. Even when I would notice a startled, or hurt, look on some of the flock as I barged into a meeting of their juvenile friends, smoking my "smelly old pipe," and decorated with three days' growth of whiskers, it did not dawn upon me.

It was only the other day that the "big difference" came to me. Before the children arrived, and in all the years since, old Bill Powers and I have foregathered two or three times a week to play checkers. Bill is a mighty inferior player, but occasionally he would win a game and that would give him courage to continue his fruitless quest of checker supremacy. And then, after all those years, I was advised point-blank to cut out checkers as a game, and Bill Powers as a friend.

Bill was described as a "frowzy man who smokes a terrible smelling pipe, probably loaded with soft coal." The noble sport of checkers came in for some shrewd knocks, too. Did I know of anyone else who indulged in it? Why couldn't I take up something that wouldn't dim the family luster and disgrace Mother and the girls when visitors came?

I was asked to notice that one daughter posed effectively with a cello, even getting pretty good music out of it; that another could do as well, maybe better, with a piano; that the third and fourth

were edging Miss Marble and Mrs. Cooke pretty well out of the tennis picture. And there was Mother, of course, who dominates the contract scene from Culbertson onward and upward. With all that talent surrounding me and beckoning me on to even greater heights, how *could* I persist in playing checkers, admittedly a plebeian game?

And then one day, the day of the "great compromise," one of the flock said I should take up chess. That was cultural, fashionable and even decorative, what with all those kings, queens, bishops and . . . er . . . castles. And I said to myself that if a slight change from checkers to chess would win me exemption from combat, I would sally forth upon the great adventure.

I bought some chess men and a book of instructions, and prepared to effect a bridge, as we "rasslers" say, from ignorance to culture. It is an episode in my life in which I take justifiable pride, proving, as it does, that I am *not* a footless incompetent, but a shrewd opportunist, a tactician of the first rank.

It was only when I began to read the rules that I grew dubious. I won't say that I was baffled, because subsequent events proved that this was only the preliminary to a war of movement, in which I would triumph, finally and completely.

On a first reading of the book, I decided that the author was probably an amateur who didn't know any more about the game than I. He couldn't seem to *explain* the game. But I discovered he was a Dr. Tarrasch, a man who had defeated Walbrodt, drawn with Tschigorin, utterly routed Schlechter, and had come close as a toucher to defeating Dr. Lasker in the finals. Indeed, the judges were divided on the issue; the referee—a venal hound named Mises—had cast the deciding vote for Lasker. Acting on the fearless exposé, by the Tarrasch's *Schachzeitung*, of the corrupt influence behind the decision, the Pulitzer award committee honored the *Schachzeitung* for public service, and the New York State Athletic Commission began an impartial investigation which has not yet been completed, but which chess experts feel cannot but revoke the corrupt decision of Mises. So my author was an expert, all right. I could trust him.

I was further annoyed by the fact that this book was written in German, a tongue with which some years ago I effected a tenuous and inadequate liaison. But I am one not easily daunted, and I turned to the chapter headed "Openings" with a firm and high resolve.

After searching the proffered openings in vain for one named after somebody of Irish Ancestry, I discovered that I could choose from openings called after persons named Petroff, or Lopez; possibly non-Aryans. And I could choose from among defenses named after Philidor, or Caro-Kann. That is "Caro-Kann" and it has nothing at all to do with syrup, a product which has no place whatever in chess. It is a coincidence, hang it. Well!

I got along fairly well, then, until I began to study the "middle game." That seems to be a very gruesome business. There is "The Destruction of a Guard," "The Imprisonment of a Bishop," "The

Capture of the Queen After Her Penetration," "The Forcible Exposure of the King," "Castling on the Queen's Side," "The Smothered Mate," "Discovered Attacks," and "Illusory Protection." It sounds a good deal like the tactics of the Nazis in conquering their unprepared neighbors.

Flipping the pages to "End Games," I found that "in blocked positions, a knight often proves to be more useful than a Bishop." I can see why that would be so. Some of these bishops lead too secluded lives to be of much use in a rough and tumble. They would always be thinking of their dignity or something, where a good, hard-boiled knight would just go busting in, *looking* for an argument. The barefaced statement that "A Bishop can hold up pawns much more easily than a knight," seems to be slanderous, if not utterly sacrilegious. But perhaps this Tarrasch is a Red; maybe an atheist.

But it was in studying the actual play that I finally realized that finesse was going to be needed. I quote verbatim from page 75:

A really charming (sic) method of breaking through occasionally occurring in actual play is the following:

- | | |
|-----------|--------|
| 1. PKt6!! | BP x P |
| 2. P-R6 | P x RP |
| 3. P-B6 | |

and the pawn goes on to queen. Three pawns against three! One would not have believed it!

I can agree with him there. What was there in the previous conduct of those three pawns that would lead anyone to believe they would queen? Or this, from page 101:

The play was 1 . . . Q-B5. The queen in the same line as the opposing one—that spells danger. The queen's-bishop's pawn is pinned, and consequently the knight is insufficiently guarded.

If that isn't a non-sequitur I never saw one.

On page 341, I read, "The Czech Defense (1. P-Q4, P-Q4; 2. P-QB4, P-QB3) is also very popular." Not as popular as it was before Hitler demolished it, I should judge.

Now after reading that far, I gave up the game as a bad job. Of course, I did not let the family know. I was canny there. Because if I had refused to play chess, they would have dragooned me into something worse, perhaps some of those oppenheim games like *ecarte* or *ventre-à-terre*. So I said aloud that chess was patently a knockout, and as soon as I had taken a few dozen lessons from old Bill Powers, who had once defeated Jake Schaefer and José Capablanca on the same chess table—how would they know he did it shaking dice?—I would be prepared to enter tournaments, look decorative and lend an air to the home front.

So Bill and I play evenings now, and bewildered relations, who have tried to read the book, hover around watching and listening as Bill says to me, "I have you castled on the queen's side," and I reply, "*J'adoube*," or, "Evidently the Tarrasch gambit is ineffectual against Philidor's defense."

About then the kibitzers wander off, glowing warmly and smiling proudly. How should *they* know we are playing checkers, but doing it with chess men?

Yes, children do make a difference in the home . . . or do they?

LABOR LESSON FROM LOCAL SEVENTY-FIVE

BENJAMIN L. MASSE



"DID you write that article on the closed shop and the right to work?" (AMERICA, January 24, 1942)

"Yes," I admitted cautiously, wondering whether this quiet-spoken, elderly caller had come on a mission of war or peace. Perhaps, I thought, another ox has been gored. (In any discussion of industrial relations, a lot more seems to depend, alas, on whose ox is gored than on the principles involved.)

"I came to tell you," he answered my most professional look of inquiry, "that down at the shop we all read your article and think it was swell."

I relaxed, smiled and proffered my cigarettes.

"I am a Catholic," he went on, "and a union man. There are a lot of Catholics in our Local, in fact we are a majority. We have had a closed-shop contract with our firm for years now, and that's why we read the article very carefully."

"Did you read *all* of it?" I wanted to know.

"Personally, I read it twice," he affirmed, "because I was hunting for an answer to some of the things I see in the newspapers. Most of us didn't have much of an education. We know the Popes have defended the rights of the workingman, but we don't know much about the principles and arguments."

"You all agreed then," I asked with some surprise, "that the closed shop can violate the workingman's rights in a number of ways? You know," I went on, not waiting for his answer, "that I have almost decided to write another article, because I am sick of hearing about unions in which the rank-and-file are pushed around by crooks and Communists. In it I plan to say that when a union is run by Leftists or racketeers, the rank-and-file can blame themselves. They get, for the most part, the sort of union they deserve."

"That's right," he approved, with surprising warmth. "If you have a few minutes, I'd like to tell you a little story about our Local."

And here is the story as he told it, with only the name of the Local changed. It is not a new story; just another version of a very, very old story. It raises a question, though, that has been in my mind for some time, and which I should like to propose for the consideration of our readers.

Among American unions, Local 75 is on the venerable side. For years it has had a closed-shop agreement with a large business, and during most of this time, the arrangement has worked out to the advantage of both parties. By good management, the union has built a solid reputation in labor circles. There are sick benefits, death benefits, provisions for assistance during periods of unemployment, and several other progressive features. Every month a detailed financial statement, prepared by

a reputable firm of accountants, is published in the Local's magazine. I might add, having studied the last monthly statement, that Local 75 is a going concern. As of February 1, 1942, it had \$879,674.37 in stocks, bonds and cash, with all bills paid.

It was the very stability and prosperity of the organization that led to trouble. On the one hand, the members lost interest in union activities, read their magazine perfunctorily and stayed away from meetings in droves. On the other, a small group of ambitious and greedy fellows began to lay plans to seize control of the union. Almost overnight, nobody seemed to know quite how, the old officers had been pushed out and a tiny clique was in the saddle, with complete constitutional control of the union's vast assets. The members had missed a meeting just once too often.

Naturally, when the news swept through the plant, the boys in Local 75 were a pretty sheepish lot. They berated themselves to one another, wondered in vain whether anything could be done to nullify the election, indulged in futile *post-mortems*. They all felt shame when they thought of the old officers whom they had betrayed, and who had served the union loyally and honestly. "You could cut the gloom in the plant that day," my visitor said.

The new officers took over, and life went on. But not as smoothly as before. There was talk of favoritism, lax enforcement of union regulations and quarrels with the boss that became more and more acrimonious as time went on. Local 75 was losing the fine reputation it had built up over a long period of years.

But the rank-and-file, faced with a serious threat to their security, regained some of their early interest in union affairs. It would be pleasant to record that they cleaned house in a hurry, but that is not what happened. The fight to put good men back at the head of the union lasted two long, weary years. It meant a lot of trouble and sacrifice, although the men do not regret that now. They realize how close to disaster their lack of interest in union affairs led them.

As my visitor told his story, this question kept turning in my mind: does not membership in a union impose, at least in some circumstances, a binding obligation to take an active part in union affairs?

No one wants to burden poor human nature with a load of new obligations. Most of us have a hard enough time, even with the grace of God, observing the Ten Commandments, the laws of the Church and the duties of our state in life. But labor abuses today have reached such proportions that, unless something is done to remove them, and soon, the present splendid promise of a lasting advance in economic democracy may prove as abortive as similar hopes in the past. True, labor can count on a friendly Administration, but no Administration can long sustain a movement in the face of popular disapproval. And organized labor, through abuses in its ranks, is losing the good will of a large and influential section of the American public. Make no mistake about that.

The question naturally rises: what responsibility lies on individual union members for the sins of their organization? Anyone with any acquaintance with unions knows that in some cases the rank-and-filers are helpless. We have all heard ugly rumors about goon-squads and worse, brutal beatings and bodies floating under piers. These situations call more for police action than for union activity.

But there are many other cases, as in the story told above, where, if the members would bestir themselves, they could put incompetence and crookedness to rout. In such situations, is there not some obligation on the rank-and-file, individually as well as collectively, to clean house? And I am speaking of a real obligation, a moral duty binding in justice or charity. Catholic moralists are all agreed that workingmen have clearly defined duties toward their employers. There are even some priests who hold that, given certain conditions, a workingman has a duty to join a labor union. But as far as I know, no one has suggested that membership in a union entails any moral obligation toward that union. If anyone has ever hinted that, in a union where the members control their destinies, they have an obligation to see that the union is managed honestly, I do not know of it.

Perhaps the obvious reason for this silence is that no such obligation exists. Morally, membership in a union may be no more burdensome than membership in the Kiwanis or the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks. If such is the case, then would it not seem probable that labor will generally be freed from abuses only when a lot of laws are placed on the books and strictly enforced?

It may be that this view is too pessimistic. Maybe through a process of education, through the growth of a spirit of responsibility in the rank-and-file, through a sense of loyalty, labor will put its own house in order. Toward this end, much has been accomplished by the industrial conferences conducted up and down the land by the Catholic Conference on Industrial Relations. Much, too, is being done in our labor schools, which are increasing yearly in numbers and influence. Much more, perhaps, might be done if sermons were periodically preached on this question, and parish retreats for workers and employers alike were intensively cultivated.

In this matter, it seems to me, we Catholics are under a special obligation. We have in the Encyclicals of Leo XIII and Pius XI an incomparable guide to sound unionism, a guide that no other group possesses. But, just as most Catholic employers are still unacquainted with these documents, so, also, are most Catholic unionists. How we are to reach our Catholic people, not to mention the non-Catholic public, with the Papal teachings on industrial relations remains one of the great and most pressing problems of the Church in America. If we who believe in the doctrine of the Mystical Body cannot succeed in inculcating a social consciousness in our people, both owners and workers, and developing an atmosphere favorable to the practice of social justice, the chances for a democratic solution of the industrial problem are pretty slim.

BUNDLES FOR CONGRESS

WE grow a bit weary of this continuous talk about treason. The offense is defined in the Constitution, and its range has been fixed with fair accuracy by legal precedent, but war always releases the urge, felt by some super-patriots, to widen, and even to distort, its meaning. The bright spirits who initiated the "Bundles for Congress" campaign may, possibly, have offended against good taste, but it approaches the ridiculous to accuse them of giving aid and comfort to the enemy. That Americans are taking a deeper interest in the work of their Government is a fact that ought to cause the Germans and the Japanese much uneasiness, and very probably does.

What these "Bundles-for-Congress" Americans did was to express in a dramatic manner their disapproval of an Act which Congress adopted to give its members a pension. In our judgment, that was an Act which merited disapproval. In providing that the House and one-third of the Senate be elected every two years, the Constitution implies that membership in Congress is not to be considered a profession, or a more or less underpaid lifetime job, to which a pension might be properly attached when the incumbents retire because of old age, or sickness, or, more simply, when their constituents signify by their votes that they no longer wish them to sit in Congress. Unfortunately, by extending the benefits of the pension system to themselves, the members of Congress have probably set back for some time several much-needed reforms for the relief of civil-service employees in the lower-paid groups.

But this movement, which at the first seemed trivial, but amusing, has an application which goes far beyond any problems connected with the pension system, and Congress will do well to note it. The movement means that the people, called upon to make all manner of sacrifices at this time, are no longer disposed to believe that every expenditure authorized by Congress is necessary and justifiable. Although it may seem absurd to insist upon economy when the Government is spending billions, the simple truth, as we have repeatedly pointed out, is that economy in time of war is even more necessary than when the country is at peace. Economy does not mean miserliness, but it does mean a right use of every dollar which the people must pay to support the Government. We need planes, tanks, battleships, merchant ships and munitions of every kind. The dollar that is spent on rhythmical dancing, tons of Government publicity pamphlets, miles of moving-pictures to bolster up some Federal activity of dubious worth, and on other forms of boondoggling, is a dollar added to the cost of the supplies we must have for war.

Congress does not need the old clothes and worn-out shoes which its critics have showered upon it, but it sorely needs a democratic sense of responsibility to the people whose money it appropriates. Criticism by the people will aid in creating that sense.

EDITOR

AS WASHINGTON SAID

IT was believed by Washington, an old-time type of American patriot whose birthday will be celebrated by many in a purely routine fashion tomorrow, that the Government established under the Constitution could not long be maintained except by a religious-minded people. Nor had he any sympathy with the delusion that men would long persevere in moral living, once religious belief had been thrown aside. His famous paragraph on religion and morality as "the indispensable supports" of constitutional government, is closely followed by his admonition: "Promote, then, as an object of primary importance institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge." Obviously, the institutions which he had in mind were not schools founded on the principle that the teaching of religion and of morality has no legitimate place in a rational scheme of education.

Washington's advice was swept aside by the wave of enthusiasm for the philosophy which Horace Mann brought back with him from Prussia. Although many of the Protestant clergy in New England were Mann's chief opponents, secularism in education quickly won the day. Schools totally at variance with the schools which the American pioneers knew, began to make their appearance, and with such rapidity that, for nearly a century, about nine out of every ten American children have been subjected to the influence of schools from which the teaching of religion and of morality was barred by law.

At this late day, many non-Catholic religious leaders and educators are beginning to realize that our American democracy can look for no support from a secularized system of schools. Speaking at the convention of the International Council of Religious Education in Chicago last week, Dr. Roy G. Ross deplored the ominous fact that of about 22,000,000 public-school children in the seven to fifteen year-old group, 15,000,000 "receive no religious training."

"To save our democracy" the Council is preparing a plan for the religious instruction of public-school children. We wish the Council all success, but even more do we wish it a speedy realization of the truth that only in the Catholic philosophy of education can our American way of life find its strongest support.

SCAPEGOATS

SOME years ago, an eminent member of the bar said, in a moment of expansive candor, that every law firm needed at least one crook to work for it. The function of the crook was to arrange devices with which the members of the firm did not care to soil their fingers. Should the devices go wrong, the crook could be disavowed, and turned over to the grand jury. This confession, of course, was merely a professional witticism, not intended for lay ears.

The country too, especially in these days of preparation for war, apparently needs, if not a crook, at least a scapegoat. Schemes are bound to fail, for that happens to even the best laid plans of men and mice. When the crash comes, we look about for a scapegoat, and usually wreak our vengeance on the nearest official. Out into the desert he goes, and there he abides in solitude, although the responsibility for the failure may properly belong to a superior officer. History is full of American scapegoats, or would be if historians cared to list them. Usually, however, these scapegoats pine away in the desert, although now and then one of them, the late General "Billy" Mitchell, for example, receives long after death the honors which his contemporaries denied him. Common sense, as well as elementary fairness, counsels us to be slow in selecting wartime scapegoats.

But it has been left for a distinguished member of the Senate to find his scapegoats in the whole American people. Unlike the lawyer, he cannot claim that his indictment is in the nature of a professional pleasantry, for it is spread on the pages of the *Congressional Record*. The people, he holds, are not taking this war seriously. Because they think this war will be won easily, they are "complacent" and "smug."

That may, possibly, be true of this Senator's constituency. It is certainly not true of the people with whom we are familiar, nor do we believe that it is generally true. To us, it seems that the American people, already inured to sacrifice, are willing and even eager to do all that is necessary to win the war and a just peace. But the conduct of the war is not in their hands. Considering its dawdling over such measures as the tax bill, it seems to us that the smugness and complacency of which the Senator complains are chiefly in Congress.

DISCUSSING the nature and habits of Federal bureaus, the late Senator Thomas Marshall once remarked that, during his term as vice-President, he had seen many a bureau grow into a parlor and and bed-room set. He added that the quality of the furniture usually deteriorated, as the quantity grew. Another former member of the Senate, now Mr. Justice Byrne, recently quoted by Raymond Clapper, has said that the nearest thing to immortality in this world is any Government bureau or agency. These creations of Congress illustrate in a very striking manner Jefferson's conviction that governments rarely relinquish a power once granted, but always strive to retain and increase it.

Because of the tremendous increase in the number of human activities in which the Federal Government in the last twenty years has shown an interest; an interest that just stops short of control, some delegation of power to subordinate agencies has become an absolute necessity. The necessity is, of course, conditioned upon the constitutional right of Congress to mix in all these human affairs, but since the right has been assumed in practice, it is too late in the day to raise an objection with any hope that it will be heard. About the best that we can hope for is to authorize agencies to supervise these varied activities in an intelligent, efficient and economic manner.

But the realization is dawning on Congress that not all the agencies which it has established, or has authorized the President to establish, are of this desirable excellence. Following the precedent of the First World War, Washington has summoned an army of "brass hats and dollar-a-year men," to quote a C.I.O. representative, who spoke at the Labor Symposium called last week by the University of Pennsylvania. These gentlemen doubtlessly mean well, he complained, "but they simply snarl up production in the red-tape of bureaucracy." They talk about putting men to work instead of putting them to work, and after they have created, on paper, the largest armaments in all history, think that their task is finished.

One example, brought in by a member of the Department of Labor, referred to the employment of men in the vitally necessary ship-building industry. "Flange-turners and pipe-coverers are badly needed," he explained, but competent men have applied for this work, only to be turned down for the technical defect of lacking four years of training in marine work. "What difference does it make," he asked, "when they have adequate training in exactly the same field, but outside of navy yards?" To the man of average intelligence, it makes no difference, but to the typical bureaucrat, a worshiper of red tape from his youth upward, it makes all the difference in the world.

Hitherto, it has been the custom at Washington to supply for the defects of a bureau or board by appointing another bureau or board. It is easier to adopt this policy than to undertake an investigation to find out precisely why the old board could not,

or did not, function. Lacking this knowledge to guide it, the new board soon encounters the difficulties which stymied its predecessor, and unless it is of distinctly superior quality, it too is soon thrown to the scrap-heap, and another board is appointed. To list the titles and assigned functions of the boards, agencies, bureaus and commissions, which have lived and died in the last ten years, is a task not to be encouraged at a time when there is a shortage of paper.

It is disconcerting to observe that some of the labor delegates at the symposium are disposed to look upon the new War Production Board as "just another board" with all the shortcomings of its predecessors. "The name has been changed," said Mr. E. J. Lever, formerly field director of the SWOC, now representing the C.I.O. on the Board, "but the old gang is still there." We hope that Mr. Lever spoke, as David once did, in his excess. If this new Board succumbs to red tape and bureaucracy, we are in bad case, for the time of preparation for the enemy grows alarmingly shorter. But it is well to keep Mr. Lever's warning in mind, and at the first sign of an unusual consumption of red tape, take counsel with experience, and build a Board that is nearer to our hearts' desire and the country's needs.

ROSES

WE do not receive so many bouquets that their perfume fairly overpowers us on entering the editorial sanctum. The life of a Catholic editor in these hectic days is not Browning's "roses, roses everywhere." We approach objectivity more nearly, when for bouquets and roses we substitute brickbats and riots. While we cannot flatter ourselves that we are like Saint Paul, whose presence stirred up more than one tumult, it is possible to allude to that great example, and then pass on.

At the moment, most of the brickbats are coming from conscientious objectors. We admire their assiduity in writing letters that would cover from two to four pages of this Review, just as we respect their sincerity. But it does seem to us that they make a great deal of needless pother about their loyalty to their consciences. We have, it is true, provoked the outbreak, but after all, loyalty to conscience is not so rare among Catholics that, when we perceive it, we run screaming, like some savage who has just come upon an unexpected bolt of red cotton cloth. Let them live up to their consciences, by God's grace, and with the aid of their prayers, we will try to live up to ours.

By way of contrast, a bouquet comes from Louisville. "I look eagerly for AMERICA every week," writes an old subscriber. "I like what you have said about not getting too excited over present conditions. I have given up trying to figure out what is going to happen. We must simply go forward doing as well as we can, as you have said so often." That is the advice which we have at least tried to give. "The future is in good hands," Pius XI once said, "for it is in God's hands."

A GREAT FOOL

IT is very comforting to know that the devil is a great fool. Evidence for this conclusion, if any be needed, can be found in the Gospel for tomorrow (Saint Matthews, iv, 1-11), for here we read that Satan actually tried to lead the Son of God into sin. Whether Satan really knew that Jesus was God, or whether, failing to draw the right conclusion from the Scriptures, and from what he had actually observed about Our Lord, his knowledge of Our Lord's Messianic character was vague and confused, are questions that can be left to the learned. In any case, it remains true that he who once was the most intelligent among the angels, had become a fool, a diabolical fool, yet a fool.

Our Gospel teaches us much about the wiles which Satan can use. Our Lord, after His long fast, was hungry. Hence Satan appears in the guise of an angel of mercy, suggesting, "Command that these stones become loaves of bread." Moreover, is not this Man soon to show Himself to the people as a teacher in Israel? Let Him, then, cast Himself from the pinnacle of the Temple, and He will win great favor when the crowds see that the angels of God "bear thee up, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone." Finally, as Founder of a new kingdom, will Christ not stand in need of money and power? Therefore, Satan promises to give Jesus, on condition of His submission to the powers of Hell, "all the kingdoms of this world and the glory of them."

Yes, Satan is a fool, but fools can be dangerous. More than one man in public life has cried out that he could take care of his enemies, but was obliged to struggle against the fools that ate at his table. In much the same way, if we sit down to eat with Satan, thinking that we can get the better of him in a treaty of peace, he will certainly take us in his nets. There is a saying that no honorable man can compromise with his conscience. That is another way of expressing the truth that no compromise is possible with Satan. Satan is a fool, but the man who thinks that he can put his hand into fire, and escape burning, is a greater fool.

Some fools are dangerous, and others are mere nuisances. Satan can be both. Souls that earnestly try to serve God are often pestered by Satan and his temptations, sometimes to the point when they are so discouraged that they are about ready to give up, and return to the fleshpots of Egypt. As Saint Ignatius teaches, it is Satan's wont "to bite, sadden, and put obstacles" in the way of these good people, whereas he gives a false consolation to those "who go from mortal sin to mortal sin." He fights the good, because he has not captured them, and prospers the wicked to make them contented with their captivity. The important point here is to recognize the nature of the temptation. Once known, it will either disappear, or be greatly lessened.

Our Lord is wisdom and love incarnate. When we hold fast to Him, the wiles of our enemy will never destroy us. We shall come out of the struggle against Satan with peace and renewed courage.

LITERATURE AND ARTS

CATHOLIC THEATRE LOOKS AHEAD

COURTENAY SAVAGE

[Reportorial articles do not often find their way into AMERICA's literary columns. The work of the Catholic Theatre Conference, however, is so vital that we feel this report of what was done at the Midwest Regional meeting will stimulate the interest of our readers all over the country.—Literary Editor.]

IT was approximately five years ago that Emmet Lavery wrote an article which appeared in AMERICA, and instigated the foundation of the Catholic Theatre Conference. Since then there have been periods when the work of the Conference seemed to stagnate, others when it moved briskly. The Midwestern Regional Meeting held at Dubuque the week-end of February 1 was definitely brisk.

It is difficult to pick out the high-lights of the Conference to which Loras and Clarke Colleges played host and hostess. For many, the leading event was the appearance of Margaret Webster, who talked on *Shakespeare Without Tears*. To others the sectional meetings were the major interest. Both were constructive.

Shakespeare's plays, of course, are a Catholic heritage, and Miss Webster is the most authoritative Shakespearian director of the English speaking stage. The daughter of a famous English theatre family, she was brought up in the tradition of the Bard, and, after serving her apprenticeship as an actress, began to direct. This country knows her best for the many Shakespearian productions which have starred Maurice Evans.

It was not her amusing and instructive talk that made Miss Webster such an asset to the Conference; it was her eagerness to answer questions. Before she had finished she had literally conducted a clinic, for representatives of various groups asked her advice as to specific productions which were under consideration. To a group about to rehearse *The Taming of the Shrew* she stressed the necessity of making the audience believe from the very first that Katharine and Petruchio were in love with one another, and that it was only the pride of two great personalities that brought about the conflict. If this love was stressed, so Miss Webster said, then the happy ending was logical.

Answering a question regarding *As You Like It*,

she advised that the play be allowed to flow without the over-stressing of slap-stick humor. She talked at length about the cutting of Shakespeare's plays, and assured her audience that it was much easier for Mr. Evans, or any other star, to play the full version of *Hamlet* than a cut one, for Shakespeare was so definitely a master of his craft that to cut a scene hampered the flow, the rhythm, and also frequently gave an actor the task of playing two "big" scenes without an opportunity literally to "catch his breath."

The sectional discussions were helpful in a different way. They permitted practical demonstrations of how the experiences, good and bad, of one group could help another. Here, too, there were problems presented—and solved.

In the Community and Parish meeting, of which Paul Lilly of the Catholic Theatre of Detroit was Chairman, a priest said that he had come to the Conference seeking help. He had been assigned as assistant to a parish in a town of five thousand, about one-fifth of the population being Catholic. The pastor wanted a Catholic Action program that would include youth activities and the theatre. But there was no parish hall, not even a public school auditorium. How did one go about starting a Catholic Theatre from the ground up?

The advice offered was the result of actual experience on the part of those who talked. The first suggestion was that an empty store might be available, and it was mentioned that several of the more successful "summer theatres" were operated in barns. If a barn could be heated, why not use it for a Catholic theatre? The building of the stage was discussed, and it was pointed out that the lure of the theatre is always strong enough to assure the presence of a couple of husky young fellows who would hammer boards into place.

Scenery was an item that seemed to present a major difficulty, but once again it was pointed out that the play was the thing, and that curtains could be used until there was money for boards, canvas and paint. I remembered that the first time I had seen Miss Webster was when she was acting with the MacDonna Players in England. This excellent traveling company offered a repertory of Shaw, and performed as many as eight plays in a week. As a Shaw production is apt to require four or five

stage sets, it would be almost impossible for a touring company to carry sufficient scenery, so a neutral grey cyclorama is used with adequate stage furniture. If such an arrangement was good enough for Mr. Shaw and a highly successful organization traveling the British Isles, then it was good enough for the start of a Catholic Action theatre.

The problem of the lack of royalties for plays was a serious one. Some testified that non-royalty plays were poor, others felt that there were good one-act plays available at no other cost than the price of the printed copy. The one-act play vs. the three act comedy was debated, and a suggestion was made that audiences enjoyed a rip-snorting melodrama. These two incidents are indicative of interest and enthusiasm the midwest meeting.

Registration took place Friday afternoon, while the executive chairmen met to discuss their problems. Much of the success of the Dubuque meeting goes to Sister Mary Peter, of Rosary College, who organized the program, greatly aided by the Rev. Karl G. Schroeder, of Loras College. The general program began at eight o'clock Friday evening at Loras College, when a performance of Maxwell Anderson's *Mary of Scotland* was given. The play had been directed by Father Schroeder, and was performed by Loras and Clarke students. Because the Zephyr carrying delegates from many parts of Illinois and Michigan was an hour and a half late, the curtain was held until almost nine, so the discussion scheduled to follow the performance was abandoned because of approaching midnight.

However, there were many impromptu discussions, and these greatly contributed to the success of the Conference. Perhaps it is only imagination, but it seems as if part of the success of the Dubuque meeting may lie in the fact that the delegates were constantly together. The Sisters lived at Clarke College, where they, and the Conference, found Sister Mary Ambrose, the president of Clarke, a most charming hostess. The priests and laymen lived at The Juilian, a small hotel which offered a compact meeting place. In the coffee shop, along the mezzanine, in the Gold Room where the two morning meetings were held, you were always close to other delegates.

The Saturday morning session marked the formal opening of the meeting. Only two persons were missing, Emmett Lavery and Dr. Franklin Dunham. Mr. Lavery, President of the National Catholic Theatre Conference, was busy at his typewriter in Hollywood, but his message of confidence for the future was read by Father Dineen, who, after his reading of Mr. Lavery's initial article, had called the first Conference in Chicago in 1937. Dr. Dunham, who had been asked to speak of his work as executive director of the National Catholic Community Service, which the Hierarchy had established as an agency member of the United Service Organizations for National Defense, was on a plane that had been forced down by bad weather. As he could not reach Dubuque, he delegated me to tell of the many recreational interests, including radio and the theatre, provided through the National Catholic Community Service Clubs.

After the greetings on behalf of the Very Rev. Michael J. Martin, president of Loras, and from Sister Mary Ambrose, president of Clarke, Father Dineen spoke, and was followed by the Rev. Gilbert V. Hartke, O.P. of the Department of Speech and Drama of the Catholic University. Father Hartke told of the graduate work being done at Catholic University and emphasized the fact that the key problem to good Catholic theatre was the play. Miss Webster concluded the morning meeting.

In the afternoon, after a general session on publicity and program planning, there were separate sectional meetings on College, High School, Community and Parish dramatics, and also on the Rural Theatre, C.Y.O. groups, Choral Speaking and Playwriting. It was a full schedule, but as there were about four hundred delegates, each section was well attended.

In the evening, at the Clarke College auditorium, the Saint Ambrose College players, under the direction of Mr. Charles S. Costello, gave a performance of Saroyan's *My Heart's In the Highlands*. This time there was a discussion—one of those heated affairs such as only a Saroyan can kindle. There were speakers who said they had been moved by the long one-act play, but that it would be dangerous for all groups to attempt Saroyan productions, for Saroyan needed better actors than most amateur organizations could offer. There were others who said frankly that they were bewildered by the play and that Saroyan meant nothing to them. It was apparently that you either felt the Armenian playwright was very good, or very bad. However, the discussion was an indication that the Conference was made up of members who had definite opinions, which is always healthy.

Sunday morning was devoted to a brief business meeting and a Pontifical High Mass, celebrated for the Conference by His Excellency, the Most Rev. Francis J. J. Beckman, Archbishop of Dubuque. During the Mass the Right Rev. Michael J. Martin, of Loras, preached on the Church and the Drama. The chief achievement of the business session was the selection of Detroit, Michigan, as the place for the next midwest regional meeting, with Paul Lilly, of Detroit, as Chairman. The afternoon meeting, held at Clarke College Auditorium, included discussions and demonstrations on radio, simplified stage settings, and direction. The Conference ended with those who had participated filled with a firm belief in the future achievements of the National organization.

An acknowledgement of credit for the success of the three-day session has been left until the last. This was the work done by Mr. Charles S. Costello, who is Chairman of the Midwest Region of the National Theatre Conference.

Frequently a task such as Mr. Costello's is a thankless one, but he must have left Dubuque with the realization that his job had been well done. Idle words of thanks can mask the truth, but when a Conference breaks up with delegates eagerly discussing the next meeting, it means that the session has been inspirational, vigorous and vital. Dubuque was just that.

BOOKS

AUGUSTINIAN ODYSSEY

THE EMANCIPATION OF A FREETHINKER. By Herbert Ellsworth Cory. The Bruce Publishing Co. \$3

THIS is the story of one who, like Augustine, sought for Truth and after many chequered years found the Light of the World. The tale which it unfolds is the Odyssey of a sincere and gifted mind through many years of study, of teaching and of research-work in modern secular Universities. The charm of the narrative is not only in the undying importance of the Truth whose finding it portrays, but also, and to a marked degree, in the author's own radiant happiness in his "emancipation" which is everywhere evident in the way the story is told. That Doctor Cory's "happiest hours" were spent in the composition of this book is something which the reader will suspect long before he meets the words which tell him so. And he will find that the author has shared with him not only the clarity of his final understanding of that Truth which makes men free, but something of that radiant happiness as well.

Brown University, Harvard, the University of California, Johns Hopkins and the University of Washington are the academic scenes which make the background of the author's tale. Literature, sociology, biology, psychiatry and history were the main intellectual avenues down which his search led him. It is, indeed, that very breadth of intellectual experience which makes this volume so unique in its interest and value. There could hardly be a more fascinating illustration, within the limits of one volume, of the fact that "the arguments—biological, psychological, sociological, historical, philosophical, and theological—which lead to Catholicism form a colossal web of uncounted strands converging from every side to a common center."

It is difficult to single out, in a book of so many merits, points of particular excellence. Perhaps its most memorable pages are in the chapter "Orientation," devoted to a survey of all that modern science has discovered about the origins of our universe and the beginnings of life and earth. "The terrible and grand picture of the earth in its infancy has haunted me like a passion," the author confesses. Nor will the reader soon forget the grandeur of the picture which these pages have drawn for him.

Hardly less memorable is the description of "the long, dark twilight that I spent grappling with the ugly apparition of the problem of evil" and of the dawn which followed that twilight. In athelism, the author found that he had but substituted for the difficult problem of evil the much more difficult (for an atheist) problem of good. Whence came the good in a universe which is only "a dervish dance of wavicles" whirling in chance gyrations? His lucid exposition of the Catholic answer to the problem is eloquently complemented by a survey of the Church's heroic efforts, through the centuries, to alleviate human pain.

A professor of literature and esthetics, the author shows how the whole philosophy of Beauty is a philosophy which leads man straight to God and the Catholic Church. A sociologist, both speculative and by practical experience, he describes the wisdom which he found only in the Papal Encyclicals on social questions. Philosopher that he is, he matches all the modern philosophies, from gross materialism to absolute idealism, against the *philosophia perennis* of Catholicism and finds them grievously wanting. Scholar, he examines the work of the so-called higher critics in the field of Biblical studies and stands aghast at "the chaos of bickering rivals" which he finds. Truly this book is a web of many strands, converging from every side upon the one everlasting truth, the Church of God.

Doctor Cory is humbly conscious of having walked, through the years of his quest, in the footsteps of the great Augustine. In this story of his conversion he has caught much of the same breathless beauty, the same vibrant intellectual passion, the same serene humility of a wisdom dearly bought which illuminate the pages of Augustine's *Confessions*. We may well hope that, through these pages, the author may be to others something of what Saint Augustine has been to him.

JOSEPH BLUETT, S.J.

MELODRAMATIC, EPIC OUIDA

DRAGON'S TEETH. By Upton Sinclair. The Viking Press. \$3

Dragon's Teeth is the third volume of what Mr. Sinclair promises us will be a tetralogy at the very least, dependent now on who holds out longer, Herr Hitler or Upton Sinclair. America's Marxian Saint George has got at last a more formidable adversary to grapple with in the person of Adolph Schicklgruber, the Prime Dragon of world politics, than he used to find in the *papier mâché* snorters of his muck-raking days. It is not Mr. Sinclair's fault that *Dragon's Teeth* falls into a more melodramatic pattern than either of its two predecessors, *World's End* or *Between Two Worlds*, since melodrama is the woof of current history; but he pays the inevitable penalty of the novelist who deals in absolute news-reel contemporaneity, in that the invented figures of his story stand out in static relief against the moving background of the diorama of events. To compensate, the historical figures are endowed with rich life and verisimilitude, especially the freebooter, Göring. The verbal vignettes of *der dicke Hermann* contained herein may well be included in the portfolios of the future, along with the caricatures of Low and Szyk.

The plot, barring the necessary and skillfully manipulated biological aging of the characters, centers about the dual rescue from Naziland of Johannes Robin, the Jewish *Schieber*, and his Leftist son. This, as followers of the two previous volumes are prepared to expect, is effected by Lanny Budd, scion of Budd Gunmakers, and husband of Irma, the ineffable helress daughter of J. Paramount Barnes. The conviction begins to grow upon the reader that Lanny Budd is a strange *pastiche* of all the boyhood heroes of Mr. Sinclair's experience. He has all the moral earnestness of Little Rollo, the admirable Crichtonese of Tom Swift, and the sturdy Anglo-Saxon play-the-gaminess of the Rover Boys; the whole adds up to a mixture of beau-idealism with Marxian overtones, crossed by a Sandford-and-Merton priggishness. Like Peter Ibbetson and some of the heroes of Shaw, Lanny Budd is most tolerable when listening to music.

The hawk-like merchant of death, Basil Zaharoff, makes a series of appearances in the third volume; this time in connection with spiritistic seances, a field of the occult with which Mr. Sinclair betrays an intimate acquaintance. Tecumseh, the Iroquois control, is a more convincing personage than Juppchen Goebbels; for the evident reason, one supposes, that Mr. Sinclair has heard Tecumseh, but never really seen the dwarfish Doctor. All in all, the Lanny Budd cycle might be described as *epic Ouida*, as Mlle. de la Ramée in her turn was Tottenham Court Road Rubens. This statement must not be construed as disparagement of Mr. Sinclair's undoubted fictional gifts. Gilbert Chesterton once said of Ouida that no one could afford to take her seriously and no one could afford not to read her. There will one day be a cult of Sinclair.

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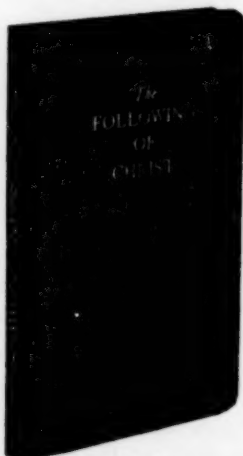
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LEAVEN IN THE SOCIAL MASS

CHRISTIAN CRISIS. By Michael de la Bedoyere. The
Macmillan Co. \$1.75

THE editor of the *Catholic Herald* of London believes that the only crisis that ultimately matters is the Christian crisis. It is this: Can Christianity, the source of the spiritual and moral values of Western civilization, inspire and re-order that civilization once again, or will it be finally abandoned except as a personal faith for the private lives of those who believe in its religious dogmas?

If Christianity is to be considered the hope of the future, it can only be after it has satisfactorily explained why it has failed to be the salvation of the past, and pointed out what steps it has taken to improve upon its previous performance. The author wrestles with this dual problem.

He first stresses the point that the Church's weaknesses in the past, particularly in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, did not arise from the Papacy, but from the persistent infidelities of the true Christian spirit on the part of millions of Catholics, clerical and lay, in every generation. These infidelities went hand in hand with a widespread ignorance on the part of Christians about the full meaning, obligations and scope of Christianity. Between them, these infidelities and this ignorance simply meant that the Church was deprived in practice of the natural avenues relating her to the world and was compelled to resort to a state of siege with only artificial contacts with society. For this reason the Church was not able to stem the tides of Liberalism, Nationalism, Socialism and Fascism.

Christianity today, to all intents and purposes, still remains powerless to inspire the counter-attack. What, then, should Christianity do in order to prepare itself to become once more the permanent healing force which may carry Europe and the world to new health? In the concluding chapters, de la Bedoyere asserts that Christianity must once again establish contacts with the world which has rejected it and still rejects it. What is needed is a new attitude and a new zeal. He argues that the actual work of overthrowing the empire of non-Christian spiritual forces within secularist society will not be achieved by organized Catholic Action alone. This can only be achieved, he contends, by enlightened Christian minds working in secular capacities and for secular ends and yet insisting at whatever cost in reconciling within themselves a full secular life and yet a full religious or spiritual life so that they stand out as single-minded Christian persons, neither over-religious nor indifferent to religion, nor yet dividing life into two separate compartments with one set of values for what seems religious and another for what seems secular.

De la Bedoyere is certainly correct in saying that both the Church and the modern world face a dismal future so long as inferiority-ridden Christians persist in remaining huddled together in a ghetto of their own timid creation.

JOHN J. O'CONNOR

BYRON IN ITALY. By Peter Quennell. The Viking Press. \$3.50

"TRELAWNY has been speaking against my morals! What do you think of that!" Byron once remarked to Mrs. Leigh Hunt. "It is the first time I ever heard of them," answered the good lady. And readers of *Byron in Italy* will applaud her reply which, according to Hunt, "completely dashed and reduced to silence" the noble lord. This is not an edifying book: that is perhaps the subject's fault. And so numerous are the unsavory episodes in the life of this Don Juan they become actually wearying. One wonders if so many grains of information on Byron's personal history and circle are not outweighed by such pounds of slag.

It is to be marvelled at that Byron, described by Scott as a genius *mal logé*, in the midst of dissoluteness, could yet keep himself on so even a keel and could produce such an astonishing quantity of work. The truth probably lies in his inherent potentialities for good. He was

remarkably solid on points where some of his friends wavered lamentably. Nor was he an enemy of religion—witness his desire of bringing up his daughter, Allegra, a strict Catholic in a convent school; for, as he wrote, "I think that people can never have enough of religion if they are to have any."

Many of his errors can be traced to early training—or early lack of training, rather. Hazlitt thought the chief cause of them was that Byron was "that anomaly in letters and in society, a Noble Poet—a double privilege, almost too much for humanity." Mr. Symonds went further—"he had the misfortune," he said, "to be well-born and ill-bred." But Hazlitt's closing observation on him may as well continue to serve as the final word: "Lord Byron is dead: he also died a martyr to his zeal in the cause of freedom, for the last, best hopes of man. Let that be his excuse and his epitaph!"

Several other figures concerned in the Romantic Movement appear among these pages, and few add to their stature. There are ten illustrations, one painful one representing the cremation of Shelley's body on the beach at Leghorn.

PAULA KURTH

YOUNG AMES. By Walter D. Edmonds. Little, Brown and Co. (An Atlantic Monthly Press Book). \$2.50
WHEN John Ames arrived in New York City in 1833, an up-state bumpkin from Troy, he was eighteen years of age and had nothing save a determined ambition to make his fortune and a pocketful of impudent self-assurance; but that, as it turned out, was enough to get him a job as office boy in the counting house of Chevalier, Deming and Post. He proved quick at learning what Tammany-man Mike Dolan called "the fine dishonesties of trade as practised by the best people," fell in love with Mr. Chevalier's daughter, Christine, and, in an exciting period of New York's history, won his fortune and his lady's favor.

A summary so brief and casual is unfair to the book because it sounds suspiciously Horatio-Algeric. But then every picaresque tale is similar in bald outline; and those who have read *Rome Haul*, *Erie Water*, and *Drums Along the Mohawk* know that Mr. Edmonds is one of the few remaining story-tellers who still believe that they must tell a good story, and who know how to tell it. Though his matter seem sentimental, his manner is not: he writes with a style compact of verve, economy and humor. There is many a chuckle in this book, most of them centered about "Uncle" Mike Dolan, whose idea it was to use a hearse to carry his plug-uglies into the heart of the Five Points to rescue Delia Mahoney. *Young Ames* is prime reading and may well outlast many a more pretentious novel.

R. F. GRADY

MECHANIZATION AND CULTURE. By Walter John Marx. B. Herder Co. \$2

THE author believes that a tragedy has overwhelmed modern society, a tragedy in the form of artfully assembled bits of metal called the machine. Others have said this before—and have been smiled at for their pains. But this book is no smiling matter.

The author contends that "we have destroyed the cumulative social values of past generations without at all making sure of what we are going to put in their place." Not content, however, with anathematizing the unlimited use of machinery in the name of human culture, he meets the "classical economists" head-on and damns it also in the blessed name of industrial efficiency. In view of the rapid depletion of our natural resources and the problem of chronic unemployment, this viewpoint can hardly be laughed off much longer by the heirs of the Manchester School.

A great amount of reading must have gone into the making of this book. If you are hunting for a collection of choice assaults on the mechanization of modern life, both on the farm and in the factory, you will find them here. You will find likewise a vigorous statement of those eternal truths about man, the neglect of which has permitted the mechanization of our civilization and brought it to the brink of doom. BENJAMIN L. MASSE

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THEATRE

THE time has come to talk of several questions connected with our theatre. The week in which I write, three new plays went off the New York stage; one after four performances, the other two after a few weeks' run. The week before that six plays departed, including *The Wookey*, the loss of which I still mourn.

Of the three plays on the first list, one of them, *In Time to Come*, should certainly have had the interest and support of intelligent theatregoers. Personally, I thought so well of this play that I gave a little theatre party to several influential friends who could help it, and I actually paid for the seats myself! No critic can rise to greater heights of enthusiasm than these, and few indeed go that far.

Not even that handsome effort saved the play! Yet *In Time to Come* should have been one of the successes of the season in its run as well as in its reviews.

Another play over which my sympathetic heart aches is Clifford Odet's *Clash by Night*. In this, Tallulah Bankhead, Joseph Schildkraut, and Lee J. Cobb—especially Mr. Cobb—did really beautiful work. I emphasize Mr. Cobb's because it was a surprise to most of us. We knew Miss Bankhead and Mr. Schildkraut could be counted on to give us their best, and we knew how good their best was. We were not so familiar with Mr. Cobb's ability. He gave some very sophisticated playgoers one of the thrills of the season.

Clash by Night was not a big drama, but it was certainly an interesting one. The perfection with which it was put over by its leading players should have kept it with us.

And now comes another painful surprise of the season—the three-day existence and abrupt death of Marc Connelly's play, *The Flowers of Virtue*, produced by Cheryl Crawford, and featuring Frank Craven, Isobel Elsom and Vladimir Sokoloff. This play was given by far the most ravishing setting of the year and one of the best companies, including some real Mexicans who were not only pictures in themselves but who could act.

I'm not saying the play was the best Marc Connelly could write. It was not. It took its time to get around to its drama. But it had a convincing situation, an enchanting Mexican atmosphere, and brilliant acting from start to finish; its climax was fine, third-act drama. The only thing in the whole performance that disturbed me, in fact, was Mr. Craven's diction, which was almost inaudible even to those in the front seats. However, he played the part of a nervously exhausted American business man. His inaudible diction and apathy of manner may have been due to his conception of the physical effects of this condition.

A warm word of praise, however, must be given to Miss Elsom, who had previously shown New York how well she can act in *Ladies in Retirement*. As "Trinidad," S. Thomas Gomez gave us an impersonation of a Mexican worker equalled only by the brilliant performance of Vladimir Sokoloff as a Mexican general. Mr. Sokoloff had no "flowers of virtue" in his life in the drama, but his acting of that role will not soon be forgotten. All this, however, is as the snows of yesteryear. The *Flowers of Virtue* at the Royale Theatre, are now dead flowers.

Thus far we have had more than fifty new stage offerings in New York this season, of which only eight have survived as real successes—in my judgment. The great majority deserved to pass out as briskly as they did. One or two of them were almost stillborn. But a few of those that have faded away will be sorely missed and long remembered. Incidentally, our producers, as well as our theatre-going public, must do more to help our stage. Better judgment of what to kick out at once, and what to give a fair tryout to, would certainly help.

ELIZABETH JORDAN

FILMS

JOE SMITH, AMERICAN. Paul Gallico's tribute to the heroes of the home front has all the virtues of sports reporting, it is honest, idiomatic and will tax no one's intelligence. The story of a courageous defense worker who endures physical torture rather than reveal vital information to enemy agents was conceived in forthright idealism, and its motivation stresses the idea of the moral strength of a nation united in war. The first day at work on a new bombsight, the worker is kidnapped and carried off to a round of punishments designed to make him forget patriotism and remember the plans. But the good family man is borne up by remembrance of his son's trust in a secret and his admiration of Nathan Hale, and he manages to hold his tongue, escape and eventually capture his tormentors. Richard Thorpe's direction is obviously on the inspirational side, too obviously at times, giving the film the unfortunate air of an object lesson. There is the usual indirect definition of the American Way which shames the practice, and Robert Young further points the moral by emerging as a wholesome and engaging symbol, effectively aided by Marsha Hunt. This is interesting and generally exciting entertainment for the family. (MGM)

SING YOUR WORRIES AWAY. The appropriate title of this musical comedy is followed by a singularly inappropriate story, in which a man is brought to the verge of suicide in the belief that he is guilty of murder. The plot is more like a conspiracy, against humor much more than against credibility, and the frankly musical sequences of the film are not diverting enough to compensate for the rest. A night-club owner, learning before a songwriter that the latter has come into an inheritance, plans to worry him to death and convinces him that he has committed murder while intoxicated. The plan is allowed to succeed until the conclusion is in sight and then a quick turn of events metes out justice all around. Edward Sutherland has directed the cast through all the motions of broad comedy without too many happy results, and Bert Lahr, Buddy Ebsen and Patsy Kelly are uneven in a tired diversion for adults. (RKO)

THE LADY IS WILLING. This film is chiefly distinguished by the fact that it permits Marlene Dietrich to run what is known as a gamut of emotions, and definite progress is marked by any Dietrich vehicle which has room for two or more emotions. The story begins on a comic note and works down to bathos, relating the struggle of an actress to express her maternal instinct. She finds an abandoned baby, marries in order to keep it, and then discovers that the child's illness has stirred the embers of real love for her husband. The circle is not merely logically but morally vicious, since it plays with marriage as with a social device. Director Mitchell Leisen is an opportunist, catching at theatrical effects without too much regard for consistency of plot or character. Fred MacMurray is the chief support of this mechanical entertainment. (Columbia)

ROXIE HART. A strident play called *Chicago* has been transformed from a vulgar melodrama to a vulgar comedy. It is the story of a wife who assumes her husband's guilt in a murder, not for reasons of devotion but to win herself publicity and a career. The happy ending is a foregone conclusion in view of the playful fashion in which serious complications are turned to farcical purpose. William Wellman's method is subtle only when it becomes suggestive, and plainer ribaldries as well as a divorce solution make the work of Ginger Rogers, George Montgomery and others a waste of time and talent. (Twentieth Century-Fox)

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THE exhibition of modern painting and sculpture now at the Museum of Modern Art tends to fulfil a prediction made in this column in an early fall issue. The prediction was that importations of foreign art now being impossible, American work would have a more adequate showing. This idea was probably more of a hope than a simon-pure prophecy but, in the case of the museum, circumstances seem to have made it a reality. The catalog of the exhibition states that the show, which contains the work of "eighteen artists from nine States" will be "one of a series which will provide a continuing survey of art in the United States during the 1940's." As this museum has always been the show place for European modernity, this sudden interest in American art would be more vital were it not so much the result of necessity. It is, nevertheless, a move in a better direction and Dorothy C. Miller, who is responsible for the exhibition, is to be congratulated.

In a general way the paintings included in this show can be divided into two groups, one of which may be designated as illustrative and naturalistic, while the other is non-representational or, as it is called, abstract art. While essentially different, these two types of art are only entirely distinct when there is a complete exemplification of either naturalism or abstraction. This complete separation does not occur in modern painting, as even naturalism is strongly affected by the influence exerted by abstract patterning. This is evidenced in the paintings shown by Fletcher Martin of Missouri, and Joseph Hirsch of Philadelphia.

In these two instances the linear pattern is subordinated to the illustrative theme but its presence is none the less felt, as it contributes to the structural vigor of the picture's design and enhances the fresh and painter-like conceptions. While the pictures by Mitchell Saportin of Chicago and those by Everett Spruce, who lives in Texas, are also of an illustrative kind, the emphasis on pattern is more evident. There is also more of a generalization of physical types so that the individual appearance of the personages, included in the compositions, is suppressed, and this tends to absorb them more completely into the design.

While these painters use the angular patterning of abstract painting as a subordinated element, and as a means to an end, pure abstractionists such as Knud Merrild, Morris Graves and Charles Howard, all from the West coast, regard the abstract pattern as an end in itself. The appeal therefore is purely optical, much as that of music is aural in its separate way. While the limitations of space must prevent a detailed comment on each of the interesting artists represented, I would like to call attention to the oriental exuberance of the paintings by Jack Levine and Hyman Bloom of Boston. These seem to me to have an authentic, racially Jewish character in subject matter but also, and more significantly, in treatment. They do, however, possess more extraneous vitality than plastic form. This last quality is more of a factor in the pictures by Darrel Austin of Oregon, who is a definitely unique painter. He has an innate sense of fantasy which is allied to a rich color sense and an individual use of the painting technique he employs.

The sculptors represented are Samuel Cashwan of Detroit (he executed the sculpture on St. Aloysius' Church in that city), and Donal Hord and Emma Lu Davis, both of California. A general lightness of mood makes the work of this last sculptor very attractive to me and this quality also brings it more within the scope of gallery, or museum work. While that of the other two sculptors is, in every way, of a high order, it possesses a monumental quality not so well related to the size of the pieces.

BARRY BYRNE

CORRESPONDENCE

REVERENCE, NOT STUPIDITY

EDITOR: I heard only a small part of the radio program commemorating the establishment of our Bill of Rights, but that little was the finest acting I have heard in a long, long time. It may have been the intense earnestness of the actor, Jimmie Stewart, plus the fact that I knew he was a soldier on leave that deeply moved me with reverence for the Bill of Rights, but I refuse to believe my reactions were due to my intellectual stupidity as Mr. Murray Paddock hints in his article, *Mythical American Tradition in Star-Spangled Broadcast* (AMERICA, January 31). The few people I talked to who listened to this broadcast thought it was very fine and, while none of them are scholars, I assure you they are the highest type of American common man and far beyond "the third-grade schooling" Mr. Paddock thinks they rate.

What has gotten into so many Catholic writers that they insist upon looking on present-day Americans with such contempt? We all know we have moved backward in some ways but what sense is there in telling the people of this generation who are striving with might and main to save civilization from the ruin chartered out for us by the men who gave us political liberty without economic liberty, that they are a pack of fools living on a heritage?

The slave-owning, wealth-grabbing, religious bigots of the eighteenth century did a marvelous work for mankind, considering their shortcomings. But if we are at the brink of ruin today it is because of what these men did not do to a far greater degree than many scholars like to admit. We Americans of the twentieth century are going to perfect the system the Fathers left unfinished. If we don't it will mean that the leavening of the American masses with many millions of Catholics has had no more effect than Mr. Paddock thinks it has.

La Grange, Ill.

C. V. HIGGINS

EDITOR: Give us more of Murray Paddock.
San Francisco, Cal.

E. M.

TIPPLING DISCUSSION

EDITOR: On reading the indictment laid against whiskey by Dr. Brady, away out in Oregon, I at once conceived a long-distance affection for this worthy disciple of Esculapius. If I had any money, I would wager it all that he would wear himself out for his patients, without thought of a fee.

Nevertheless, in my humble opinion, the solution of this problem of intemperance, of growing intemperance, I should say, is to be sought in the education of children in the home, and not in legislation. Man has been drinking fermented liquors all through the centuries, and will continue to drink them. Perhaps it was not long after the expulsion from the Garden that Adam began to experiment with grapes, and the trump of doom will probably surprise some tippler with a foaming beaker in his hand. We cannot take the position that alcohol is essentially evil, or that to use it is sinful, for that is simply not true. What remains for us is to teach temperance as best we can, by word and by example.

I think the worthy doctor has misinterpreted the examples I gave, but that may be due to my faulty presentation. The old Colonel and his two sons were not the victims of drink, although he and one of the sons used alcohol, nor were the children of the worthy matron whom I cited. On the other hand, one of the saddest cases I ever knew was that of a young woman whose parents were almost fanatically "opposed to drink." Not

any sort of education for temperance, or for total abstinence, will suffice. It must be an education based on truth, and adapted to the circumstances.

New York

JOHN WILTBYE

CHILDREN AND LIQUOR

EDITOR: Apropos of Mr. Wiltbye's article, *Serpent at the Fireside* (AMERICA, January 24), does it not seem that prohibition is a mere corollary of birth control? Maintaining that children are undesirable, it is not difficult to hold that youth is entirely socially burdensome. Perhaps our B-C-ers would be happy, if we were born at the age of forty. I resent the implication that all men in the service of the country are morally incompetent. I can hold no brief for those opportunists whose morals, if not in-existent, are unknown—save in time of national emergency.

San Jose, Calif.

WALTER ARCADE

HERO OF AIR CRASH

EDITOR: When the T.W.A. plane recently crashed into Double Up mountains on January 16, fifteen capable and highly skilled transport pilots of the Ferry Command met their death. Naturally enough Carole Lombard was given a good deal of publicity but the nation realized that all on board that plane were war-time heroes.

In the cause of one of the fifteen pilots, Frederick Dittman, it is very difficult to determine which is the greater hero, Fred or his mother. If the magnificent spirit of Mrs. Katherine P. Dittman is representative of the mothers of America we have nothing to fear. The following paragraph is taken from a letter written by her shortly after her son's tragic death.

I am fully resigned to God's will and know that it is because of His great love for us that sometimes He must cut and prune to make us fit for what He has prepared for us beyond. When Frederick accepted a seat in that plane from a friend, God placed the burden of another mother on my shoulders. As He did that with His own Son surely I am honored.

Alma, Cal.

GEORGE E. LUCY, S. J.

NEWMAN CANONIZATION

EDITOR: Sixteen years ago, a Passionist Father told me that a movement was on foot in Rome to bring about the canonization of Cardinal Newman.

Ten years ago I read a statement by the distinguished English Jesuit, Father Rickaby, that he prayed daily to Newman. From that time on I have followed his example with a resulting sense of consolation and refreshed faith.

In an address on Newman I once expressed the conviction that the number of converts to the Catholic Church who owed their conversion to him would be startling, if only the complete record were known. I was followed by an English priest who, obviously moved by this remark, stated that he shared my conviction and added that he owed his own conversion, under God, to the great Oratorian.

After years of study I am more convinced than ever that Newman was the object of a special Providence, and in support of this, recall the succession of crushing personal failures which he lived to see transformed into almost incredible triumphs.

What but saintliness explains his rejection of the dazzling career which awaited him in the Anglican Church; his endurance of the humiliating mistrust he suffered

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from Catholics in high places, all the more cruel because well intentioned; his acceptance of the frustration of plans whose wisdom he alone had the vision to comprehend? What but saintliness kept him from giving way to resentment and even despair when he saw the years passing while he alone in the Vineyard, which cried aloud for laborers, was condemned to enforced idleness? What but saintliness led him all his life to ask but one question, in great things and in small: "What is the Divine Will?" and to make but one response: "That Will shall be mine."

These are not the thoughts of a theologian, but of a layman who has already canonized Newman in his own heart.

New York, N. Y.

JOSEPH J. REILLY.

EDITOR: Hailing from Jamaica, the sunny "Isle of Springs," and being by that fact a subject of the British Empire, the suggestion of Father Callan, O.P., as to the introduction of the cause of John Henry Cardinal Newman and the ready response on the part of a host of readers of your magazine, struck a note of sympathy, appreciation and joy in my heart. I am sure that I utter a sentiment akin to that in the hearts of millions of Catholics who reside in the British Empire.

Especially is this true of those of us who have returned from the wandering by-paths of our ancestors back to the true pasture and to whom Newman himself was in some way the light which he in turn had sought to lead him on from "amid the encircling gloom." It is most appropriate that Newman should be the first saint of the second spring. That such a spring is in full bloom is attested to by the canonization of Saints John Fisher and Thomas More of a few years ago and by the present effort to introduce the cause of this eminent Cardinal. But what beyond these, it seems to me, bears full testimony to the Renaissance of the Church in England was the refusal on the part of the late King George V when asked on the occasion of his coronation to abjure the Catholic Faith. No, he said, I would be insulting nineteen million of my Catholic subjects. They were words that Newman would have been glad to hear.

Weston, Mass.

ROY CAMPBELL, S. J.

EDITOR: I am a convert myself from the Anglican ministry. I was ordained more than thirty years ago, and in 1931 my wife, son and daughter and I all became Roman Catholics. I had had Episcopalian churches in Canada and the States for twenty years.

It was Newman who intellectually and spiritually led me into the Catholic Church. And it is Newman who holds me there. Perhaps I am partial as I am a Londoner by birth, as he was.

But there is no doubt that Newman is needed today. He saw the French Revolution as the beginning of evil in the political world. He had no faith in governments, and none in mere intellectual speculation or pride. He believed in Christ and His Church, and submission of the intellect to Catholic dogma. Liberalism he looked upon as of Satan. When he received the red hat, he told Leo XIII that he had been fighting Liberalism all his life.

Now in 1942 we have the very things Newman predicted. The whole political and economic world is in an utter state of war and chaos—and absurdity.

It is too bad if Newman is unknown to the present generation. Catholics are somewhat to blame if such is the case. Every Catholic of high-school standing should read Newman. And Catholics of college standing should have all his books.

Two problems confront Catholics now as ever. One is that of the state or government. And the other is the intellect. But these problems are dealt with by Newman. It is not enough, though, merely to read Newman's books. utter state of war and chaos—and absurdity. Liberalism has run its course—and the end is not yet.

Yes, let's hope Newman will be canonized. And above all, let's hope that all Catholics in this modern America who are not satisfied with the Faith as they so far understand it, will beg, borrow or steal Newman's works—and read them.

Sturgeon Bay, Wis.

JOHN HODSON

EDITOR: Father Joseph Rickaby, S. J., well known for his index of Cardinal Newman's works, preached at the opening of the Newman Memorial Church at Edgbaston. I quote from his sermon as had in *The Tablet*, December 18, 1909, the references to the Cardinal as a "Father and Doctor of the Church."

...by this time the soul of John Henry Newman has ascended to his place among the Doctors and Princes of the Church Triumphant. ...I have made him one of my private patrons with God, and have daily invoked his intercession—because to me he is as a Father and Doctor of the Church, raised up by God to perpetuate the line of Fathers and Doctors in these latter times ... dead, he shall bring more souls to the faith than he converted in the days when he wrought the deeds of a strong man in Israel. Amen.
New York, N. Y. DANIEL M. O'CONNELL, S. J.

EDITOR: May I send my fervent Amen to swell the chorus of more emphatic Amens which must soon reach AMERICA. The early canonization of the saintly Cardinal Newman would strike a blow at Jansenism still lurking in pagan corners of modern society. It would be a constant reminder of the potential sanctity among youth outside the fold of the Church—of the sheep and of the lambs to be guided to the feet of the Divine Savior.
Chicago, Ill. M. S. MILLER

EDITOR: Many years ago I heard the canonization of Cardinal Newman predicted by a saintly woman who knew him well, Mrs. James A. Burns of London. Her husband was head of the publishing house of Burns and Oates.

Mrs. Burns gratefully recalled that when the business suffered by the conversion of Mr. Burns, Newman wrote his one work of fiction, *Callista*, to help her husband and their large family.

Mrs. Burns died at Pittsburgh, Pa., in the Ursuline convent where her daughters were nuns. Their privileged pupils loved to hear Mrs. Burns tell of England's "Second Spring" and of "the very holy Newman who will be canonized."

You speak about it to His Eminence in heaven, and I'll ask Martin de Porres, O.P. to carry out the suggestion of Father Callan, O.P.

Pittsburgh, Pa. (Miss) MARY CECILIA MURPHY

CHEMICAL CATECHISM

EDITOR: Stephen Aylward's *The Chemist Helps the Catechist* (AMERICA, January 17) shows some ingenuity on the part of its author and a most worthy motive, but exposed as they are from many directions to pseudo-scientific explanations of the physical factors of life experiences, could or would the children of today be able to assimilate so high a spiritual truth as the reception by the soul of God's Life in Baptism through the medium of a test tube demonstration?

Is it pedagogically sound or prudent to materialize the Sacrament of Marriage and its indissolubility by means of a piece of twine thrice knotted?

Is it wise summarily to dismiss the thoughts, customs and associated ideas, the beautiful solemnity or solemn beauty of death for the Catholic with a flip of a jack-knife's blade?

If Mr. Aylward wishes to illustrate the doctrinal teachings of the Church, might not the natural sciences present a far finer field of scientific demonstration? "I am the vine, you are the branches," said the Greatest of all Teachers.

Boston, Mass.

M. J. D.

(The views expressed under "Correspondence" are the views of the writers. Though the Editor publishes them, he may or may not agree with them; just as the readers may or may not agree with the Editor. The Editor believes that letters should be limited to 300 words. He likes short, pithy letters, and merely tolerates lengthy epistles.)

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EVENTS

Many years ago, a professor in a boarding college was essaying his first solo flight in an automobile. His intention was to go to town. . . . Student heads began popping out of windows above to watch the professor's performance. . . . The students saw the car leap forward with a roar and jerk. They also observed it come to a halt and shoot backward. Again and again, the auto lunged forward as though catapulted from a cannon; again and again it suddenly paused and flew backward as though shot in the opposite direction from another cannon. Eventually the car backed up against a tree. The professor abandoned the idea of going to town. . . .

The performance of the professor at the wheel puts one in mind of the performance of many Catholics today in the field of Catholic Action. . . . These Catholics join up with Forward Catholic Action; simultaneously they join up with Catholic Action in Reverse. They usually end up as did the professor by abandoning the ambition of going to town. . . . Forward Catholic Action may be defined as well-ordered participation by the laity with the Hierarchy in the spreading of Christ's Kingdom on earth. . . . Most forms of Catholic Action in Reverse may be defined as a slight, heavily restricted participation by the Hierarchy in the laity's direction of the Church. . . . A very active and far-flung branch of this type of Catholic endeavor is the "Carp and Cavil" section. The layman or woman working in this field pours forth destructive criticism, day and night, of the manner in which bishops, priests, lay-brothers and nuns are conducting the affairs of the Church. Catholics Actionists in Reverse are extremely numerous in this sphere, and are willing to work long hours at it, for they love their work. . . . They appear to feel that the Gospel description of the founding of the Church runs thus: "And the Lord said to the Apostles: On the Rock of the laity I build my Church. Whatsoever the laity binds or looses on earth shall be bound or loosed in heaven. To you, and to your successors, the Bishops; to the priests, lay-brothers, nuns down to the end of time I say: If any layman or woman disapproves the way you are ordering your diocese or parish or school, then stop it and follow the wishes of the laity. If they do not approve of you personally, resign at once. For behold I want the sheep to run the shepherds." . . . If the "man-hours," the "woman-hours," the tremendous zeal devoted to this brand of Catholic Action in Reverse (hours and zeal which might be furnishing power to Forward Catholic Action), if these things could be computed for the whole nation over a year's time, the appalling loss to Christ's Kingdom would be made strikingly clear to everyone. . . .

Another popular form of Catholic Action in Reverse has its followers give tongue to destructive criticism of Catholic education, with no thought of training them to pitch in and help that education. Zealous Reverse Actionists of this type have herded unnumbered thousands of young Catholic boys and girls into godless schools. . . . Still another group, an extremely large group, of Reverse Actionists goes under the title "The Let-George-Do-It School." Another name sometimes given to this group is "The Boiling Blood" department of Catholic Action in Reverse. Activity in this field runs as follows: a man will read a nasty misrepresentation of Catholic teaching. His blood will commence to boil. It will boil for five or ten minutes and then it will stop boiling. The boiling of Catholic blood is the one result achieved by Reverse Actionists in this department. . . . If the enormous multitudes who now spend themselves in promoting Catholic Action in Reverse could be induced to channel all their energies into Forward Catholic Action, there can be no doubt of one thing—the Church would go to town.

THE PARADER